

From *Tait's Magazine*.

## WHO ARE THE KINGS OF THE EAST?

"And the Sixth Angel poured out his phial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the Kings of the East might be prepared."

THE way of the Kings of the East is to be prepared by the drying up of the waters of the Euphrates; according to the twelfth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Revelations. Like many other unfulfilled predictions, this announcement has occasioned various conjectures and criticisms. Some persons indeed hold that the prophecy has long been fulfilled, but their opinion is entertained by few commentators of weight in this department of criticism. Nearly all parties agree that the river Euphrates denotes, in this place, the resident population on its banks. No exception is now taken to that view, and it seems to be the only part of the prophecy which has hitherto received a clear interpretation. But some persons allege that the decadence of this population, or the drying up of the Euphrates, occurred at a distant period, when the tribes of northern Asia acquired supremacy, in the great central valley of the world, and began their migrations westward, to the East of Europe. In that case the prophecy cannot be applicable to the Saracens, who are Arabians in blood, and therefore, in reality, belong to the very people whose weakness is predicted. The only other supposition on this view points to the Turks as "the Kings of the East," and the period of their appearance in the west of Asia, as the drying up of the Euphratean flood. This interpretation has no valid support in facts, but is a fanciful delusion, which might very probably originate in the mind of a superficial reader. Events must invariably coincide with predictions, and all prophecy must relate to the future, and not to the past. Whenever we have statements that refer to past events, we have history or narrative, but not predictions. The falling of the Euphratean tide must relate to a period when the power of the people inhabiting the regions which the river intersects will become more contracted than at the date of the prophecy, or than at some period posterior to its date,

but previous to its fulfilment. The rise of the Turkish power on the Euphrates may be properly placed towards the middle of the eleventh century, and the date of the prophecy was towards the close of the first century. A long interval elapsed between the residence of the apostle John at Patmos, and the sovereignty of Toghrul Bey at Bagdad. Desolating changes occurred in many quarters of the world during that millennium, and from the apostles' banishment to the appearance of the celebrated Turkish chieftain; but during these eleven centuries, the power of the Euphratean population had not apparently decayed, or been obviously wasted away. The first century of the Christian era is long posterior to the desolations of the Euphratean cities and empires. Subsequent to the decay of the Roman Empire the regions in question rather rose in importance. The tide flowed; the eastern empire was weakened at the heart, and became unable to hold its distant dominions in a firm grasp. The grand preparation for the way of the Kings of the East had not apparently commenced.

It is by no means evident that the Turks ever were far removed from these countries. They seem to have been a Euphratean tribe from a very distant date; for the title very fairly embraces all the districts east of that river towards the Indus, and from its mouth upwards to its sources in the Armenian mountains. The opinion which we have thus noticed scarcely deserves attention, is deficient in every requisite, and is not held by many persons, because it not only fails in important points of recognition, but is in chronological disorder with other events foretold in this wonderful book.

The decadence of the states on the Euphrates, preparatory to the way of the Eastern Kings, is therefore an event not yet explained; but nearly all the commentators refer it to the decay of the Turkish Empire. The boundaries of that empire include the Euphrates, and its power has waned and wasted for many years. Its frontiers have been gradually contracted on all sides. Africa has been almost entirely wrested from the Turks; for the

assistance now afforded to the Sultan by Egypt, and the smaller states of the African continent, resembles the voluntary aid of an ally more than the necessary support of a subject.

The Russians have seized very large provinces in the Turkish Empire towards the north during the century. Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Montenegro, are independent, with the exception of small annual payments. The kingdom of Greece, small in territory but valuable by its geographical position, has been formed out of European Turkey within a quarter of a century. No European power has so visibly declined as that of the Ottoman empire during the memory of men now engaged in public life. In this respect, the identification is complete. The Euphrates is dried up.

Turkey is not the only empire to which the term may be applicable. Without stretching the geographical meaning of the title, "Euphratean," the Persian empire may be included within its limits. Events within Persia attract less inquiry in Europe than those in Turkey, but that state also has decreased in influence and power contemporaneously with the recession of Turkey. Russia has gained Georgia and other provinces from Persia during the currency of this century, but the court of Teheran has lost more in moral than in territorial influence. A map will show that Persia and Turkey are essentially Euphratean powers, and while Arabia may be almost politically independent, from its position, yet its fanaticism unites the population closely with the empire of the Turks.

The next, and the more important, because the more doubtful inquiry, respects the identification of the Kings of the East, whose way is to be prepared by the drying up of the Persian and the Turkish monarchies. English theologians, almost without exception, assign to the Jews this oriental pre-eminence. The opinion proceeds more upon sentimental than sound criticism. The Jews have scarcely a vestige of title to the name of kings, or rulers, of the East. They have at present no earthly possession, and they probably never will have any territorial property out of Syria; which is not east but west from the Euphrates.

The idea proceeds from the hope that the decadence of Turkey will prepare the way

for the restoration of the Jews to Palestine; but they will not enter Palestine from the east; for they are nearly all located to the west of that interesting land. At any time, for many years past, they might have fixed their homes in Palestine without any hindrance or persecution from the Turks. They had to dread the enmity of the Greek Christians; and they have been frequently compelled to seek shelter from individual Turks in Judea, when insulted, oppressed, and persecuted by their nominally Christian neighbors. The substitution, therefore, of Greek or Russian rule for Turkish supremacy in Syria would be remarkably inconvenient and unacceptable to them. The expulsion of the small Jewish population now resident in their own land might follow in the ordinary course of persecuting policy; but the Greek Cross, while it symbolizes despotism, could never add to the natural attractions of the mountains round Jerusalem, in the opinion of their banished people.

The term "Kings" implies power, rule, and strength. The employment of the plural infers the fair grammatical construction, either that more than one state is implied, or a single state governed on popular principles. The Jews are the solution of professional theologians, who do not support their views by any argument whatever, but who concede the propriety of applying the phrase to a single nation. Judea is eastward of Patmos, and its inhabitants might be described as of the East, in reference to the locality of the vision, but not in respect to its grand subject and symbol, the Euphrates; for, as already stated, Judea is west of the Euphrates, and the Jews are scattered among nations to the west of Judea, with few exceptions. Even when contrasted with Patmos, the land of Palestine would not, in ordinary language, be styled "the East" by a writer dealing with the geography of the globe. We do not say in Britain that Belgium, France, or Holland is "the East," although all these countries are eastward from England. The phrase has always implied the distant east, and not a country on the oriental frontier of the state where the language was employed.

We must also remember the date of the prediction. John was banished to Patmos after the Jews had been driven out of their own land; and the majority of the people

had been carried or had fled to the north or the west, both of Judea and of Patmos, into the lands where their posterity reside to the present day.

The Jews, at no moment of their history, could with propriety be designated "rulers of the East." Their dominions never extended beyond the Euphrates, and they never occupied even the right banks of that river over a large portion of country, or through any considerable period. But the commentators usually coerce the phrase "Kings" into "Priests" of the East. This violence to the text is entirely unnecessary, except to reconcile difficulties arising from the original misconception. The Jews are not now, and are never likely to become, preachers or teachers to the East, until they have regained their land; and that event will not probably precede their conversion. This solution has so little support in the passage that very few considerations are requisite to show its inadequacy; and yet it is the favorite and almost the only meaning now attached to the term. Although in no sense consistent with the just and ordinary meaning of language do the Jews meet the requirements of the prophecy, yet they have been almost universally pressed into this verse by those who, in latter times, have endeavored to solve its purport. We have still however to look for a confederacy of kings, or a single nation, ruling in the East and likely to occupy the vacuum left by the subsidence of the Mahometan tide; for the full scope of the phraseology, "waters of the Euphrates," infers rather the disciples of Mahomet than any single power among them, however pre-eminent.

The Affghans, the Burmese, or the Chinese would meet the geographical requirements of the verse; but the Affghans, in the meaning suggested in the last sentence, are a Euphratean people, and in the meantime we have no reason to expect a migration westward of Burmese or Chinese emigrants. Both nations are the subjects of despotism, and cannot be regarded as kings or rulers. In that particular, and in all others, with the single geographical exception, they fail to meet the case. We may remark that the progress westward of the Kings of the East seems to be a desirable event. A way is to be prepared for them. Very probably they might come forward as instruments of judgment; but from the context we should rather regard them as messengers of mercy, and vindicators of right.

The present position of any purely Oriental nation would not induce us to expect a fulfilment of the latter probabilities; and, nevertheless, the waters of the Euphrates rapidly recede. Who then are the Kings of the East!

The phraseology employed is extremely remarkable and simple. It is not eastern rulers, but rulers of the East. They may be resident in, but it does not follow that they must belong to, the East. If the question were put in plain language, without any Scriptural reference, to an intelligent merchant, to a European politician, or to any person acquainted with geography and history; "Who are the rulers of the East!" the answer would be immediate. Neither difficulty, nor doubt, nor hesitation, would be expressed in this case; and we do not see any good reason for setting aside the reply of reason or common sense in reference to a Scriptural subject.

The Kings or rulers of the East, therefore, according to this view, are the British people, or their representatives who govern India, the Anglo-Indians; and we are to mention summarily a few of the arguments which support this opinion. The text does not imply the people of the East, but absolutely their rulers; and it is a singular fact that the Anglo-Indians have never yet been colonists of the East. Hindostan has not been their home. They have not settled on its plains, and become in large numbers the cultivators of the soil. Various impediments, in addition to the ordinary obstacles of tropical climates, have interfered with British Colonization of India to the present date. The East India Company opposed conolization. They regarded British planters as dangerous subjects in India; and while the Saxon race have become acclimated in tropical America, and even in some parts of Africa, they are still only strangers in, but rulers of, the East. The expressive force of the term "Kings of the East," applied to the Anglo-Indians, is peculiarly obvious; for they hold the position of rulers, and that position alone, more apparently than any other body of men do now, or ever did, at any period of history, or in any part of the world. If the phrase employed had been Eastern nations, cultivators of the East, or inhabitants of the East, it would not have precisely identified them; but as they are rulers or kings of the East, and belong to the East in no other capacity, the exact application of the prophecy is transparent. We do not say that they are

the persons intended, but we say that they alone at present meet the description given.

The permanent settlement of the Saxon race in Hindostan is now only opposed by the climate; and upon the highlands of the Panjab they will gradually locate themselves, becoming thus settlers, and therefore subjects, citizens of the regions where now they are known only as rulers; but the drying up of the waters of the Euphrates progresses rapidly; and the prediction will most probably be fulfilled before any ostensible change occurs in the position of the Anglo-Indians, within their dominions.

The peculiar constitution of the East India Company, and its varying relations with the general government, support this explanation of a celebrated passage. The sovereign of Great Britain does not exercise the same authority in Hindostan as in the Mauritius, in Africa, or in America. The governing power is shared with the Company, by an anomalous and inconvenient arrangement, which is inconsistent with sound principles of political economy. An *imperium in imperio* has always been opposed and repudiated by great statesmen; and yet that is the system adopted, as if by accident, in Hindostan, and continued there since the birth of British power in that country. The ruling influence in India is shared therefore by many persons. In addition to the control of the British people, the executive is administered by a numerous body of subordinate officials, not responsible hitherto to the Company, or to the Crown, or to Parliament and the people alone, but by an injudicious arrangement, to the joint operation of all these parties, as if to give force and strength to the term "Kings of the East."

No other nation ever administered in the East those functions now exercised by the British people. The Dutch, the French, and the Portuguese have owned large and valuable possessions at different dates, to the east of the great river Euphrates; but the French settlements were all seized by the English, and those of Holland and Portugal are reduced to a small compass. The British empire of the east is the most powerful state in Asia. It is the only empire that increases in magnitude and power. All nations, with the exception of the British and Russian empires, fade in Asia. Old powers become weak, and make space for these modern states, the representatives of freedom and serfdom, between

whom the great struggle for the possession of Asia, and the enfranchisement or the oppression of its people, has commenced.

British statesmen almost invariably assume the duties and responsibilities of governing India with the determination not to increase the extent of their country, and they are as invariably compelled to pursue in practice that policy which they denounced in theory, and add kingdoms to their territory. The passage of the Sutlej by the Sikhs led to the absorption of the Panjab. Other circumstances, and the political necessity of squaring off the territory then held, induced the Anglo-Indian Government to annex Scinde. The Indus nearly now holds to British India on the west the relation of the Ganges in the east. The Kingdom of Berar, with a population equal to that of Belgium, has fallen into the empire peaceably and by treaty. The province of Pegu forms the maritime frontier of the Burmese empire; but the Anglo-Indians hold it, and thus possess the mouth of the Irrawaddy. These accessions and conquests have increased the measurement of the Anglo-Indian empire, within ten years, by territory equal in extent to that of France, and in population by more than thirty millions.

The Chinese empire is in the pangs of a great revolution which will probably separate its various provinces, and throw them under a crowd of different rulers. The population of China cannot be therefore reckoned as under one but several forms of government; and their power is wasted by internal struggles which have occurred at this juncture to leave the meaning of the phraseology "Kings of the East" clear and distinct, for no other state now possesses even the population, as for half a century no Asiatic nation has possessed the moral power, of the Anglo-Indian empire.

Statesmen never attempt to fulfil prophecy. They always act from the supposed or real necessities of the position they occupy; but the statesmen of this country have gone into a great Oriental war, with the consent of all parties. This war is correctly considered in England essential to the existence of civil and religious freedom. The battle in the east of Europe will be, on our part, defensive of the rights of conscience, and of one nation against its neighboring and stronger oppressors. It is the grand war of opinion foreseen by Canning — the war of civilization against savage strength foretold by Napoleon; and it will



not conclude in final peace without a frightful and a long struggle, although we may have an armed truce.

Statesmen not only avoid measures for the fulfilment of prophecy, which they probably seldom read, but they are not prophets in the secular sense of the term. Engaged by pressing topics of discussion, they do not maturely study the causes of one set of actions, or the result of another. Occupied in the heat and toil of the present "battle of life," they cannot carefully read the future, or study the signs of the times. Actuated by the expediency of the moment, they have not leisure to think for the next year, or a subsequent generation. Exceptions exist to this worship of the hour, as in Canning's case; but experience proves that the majority of statesmen live for the day only, and thus we have occasionally evidences of gross inconsistency, dug from blue books, or the rewards of explorations in Hansard. If statesmen had looked forward, they must have prepared for the Russian war, on the grounds which have occurred, because it was clearly mirrored in the future, for many years past. Anglo-Indians foresaw and foretold it, because they observed their own danger, and the policy of their neighbors. Some Manchester politicians closed, and still close, their eyes to the jeopardy of their own cotton and mule twist; because their greatest thought is ten per cent. profit. Unfortunately our country has been less governed by the Anglo-Indian, and more by the manufacturing policy, than was altogether convenient, and thus the Russian war was not made an object of preparation; for even after the Emperor Nicholas endeavored to make the British Government a *particeps criminis*, by the proffered bribes of Candia and Egypt, the very men who refused the temptation affected to believe, or really believed, that the tempter was an honest man, who meant peace, and could be trusted on his word.

Statesmen are not generally inventive, for the reason that they are not prophetic; and thus the employment of the armies of Hindostan in this Russian war has been suggested by politicians, but not by statesmen. One gentleman, who enjoys considerable influence as a political writer, states—in answer to the boast of the Czar that he will go into the war with one million, or if requisite, with two millions, and if pressed, with three millions, of soldiers—that Hindostan would fur-

nish one million of combatants against his pretensions, who could reach Constantinople in little more time than is required to convey soldiers from London to the Turkish capital. He has not exaggerated; for the Kings of the East could bring a larger army into the field than Xerxes commanded, composed of men equal in bravery or discipline to those of any European state; while the Anglo-Indian Empire is deeply and necessarily interested in the results of the war, for the success of Russia would close the overland route.

A wedge of hostile territory would penetrate between Britain and India. Napoleon foretold this consequence, which is now perceptible to all men. Thus the Kings of the East are compelled to occupy the position assigned to them in prophetic announcement by a political necessity. Their way is prepared, and their march required. They can allow Egypt and Syria to remain in the hands of a friendly and weak power; but they could not permit them to be seized by Russia, or any great state. The energy of the British empire is engaged to oppose that result. The strength of the nation is staked to resist the project.

Not only is the way prepared, but the future combatants are obliged to move in the right road. They cannot draw back from the strife; they will not shrink from its crisis. Campaigns may be fought, and years may pass, before the Euphratean regions are absolutely occupied by British forces; but the march of the rulers of the East is begun, and the tread of their serried ranks will yet beat a pathway in the deserts and the wastes that intervene between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean.

The Anglo-Indian empire is itself a miracle. Its existence is unaccountable upon any ordinary principles. India has been rather voluntarily annexed than conquered. Its native population hold more the position of incorporated peoples than subjects of the sword. Russia has taunted England with pursuing on the Indus, the Irrawaddy, and the Sutlej, the policy adopted by that barbarous power on the Danube. The taunt is a blunder. We coerce no man's opinions. We do not repress speech and thought and writing. We do not destroy, but improve. We have no military conscription in India. Russia has by force taken from their homes twenty men out of every thousand of the population in the Baltic provinces and Poland within twelve

months. Ten men out of every thousand of the population of Hindostan would give an army of one and a half millions!—an army adequate to conquer half the world. But we have no conscription. The Anglo-Indian army is composed of volunteers. We do not require a great standing force to preserve our territories. They preserve themselves; because the people are convinced that, while much remains to be done, many improvements have been effected under British management.

Events will fulfil prophecy; and they must not be shaped by mortal policy into correspondence with its statements. In this case no measures were ever taken to realize this identification. The Eastern settlements were commenced for mercantile purposes. Their progress never could have been, and never was, foreseen. Clive and Hastings, Lake and Wellesley, never dreamed that they were agents in the confirmation of a Scriptural statement. Nevertheless, the Euphrates is dried up; and the East has no kings but the British people, who are impelled at once by all high and all sordid considerations—by generosity and selfishness, by manufacturing and mercantile interests, and by the love of civil freedom and religious liberty—by mammon and by moral considerations, to take the way prepared for “the Kings of the East.”

The progress of the Anglo-Indian empire would be the romance of history; but the narrative is a sober, staid statement of facts. The possibility of forming a similar state, equally compact, populous, and powerful, by the combination of great military and political genius, under an unscrupulous despotism, may be freely admitted, without reducing in any way the claim of this empire to be the wonder of the world. The Spanish career in Southern America was stained always and everywhere by blood. The remnants of the Indian races are now, indeed, re-appearing, and out of their ruins are re-asserting their claim to supremacy in Southern America; but there is, happily, no parallel between British India and Spanish America. The British crimes in India consist mainly in not improving the circumstances of the people with sufficient rapidity. The Spanish crimes in South America consisted in destroying the people with a celerity that nothing could resist. The Spaniards invariably attempted to spread their religion by the sword. The British even endeavored for a time to prevent the teaching of their faith to the natives, in an over-scrupulous dread of offending their prejudices. They have never, at any time, exercised political influence for its extension. The difference between the two great sections

of nominal Christianity is curiously drawn by this circumstance. The Spaniard, by his faith belonging to the Romanist branch, was induced to make the sword the means of propagating his religion. The Briton, belonging to the Protestant communions, was equally bound not to employ his sword for the extension of his worship. The material position of the Indians was deteriorated obviously by the arrival of the Spaniards. The personal comforts of the Hindoos have been in no similar measure reduced by the presence of the British. The testimony of intelligent Hindoos and Mahomedans proves the benefit of the measures taken by successive British Councils and Governors for the improvement of the people. The mere existence of the empire is itself in evidence on the subject. These facts do not prove that the work of Britain in the East has been adequately done. The great public works now commenced, the means of education that have been tried, all only point to the courses of duty, without exhausting, or even attempting to exhaust, the subject. The Spaniards sailed west to conquer and convert: the British travelled to the east only to trade. The British Governors were successively ordered neither to make war nor to seize territory, and they were compelled to deviate from their instructions. The Spanish Governors went forth with orders to annex all the continent of America to the Crown of Madrid, and they discharged their instructions with eager zeal. The Spanish conquest of South America affords, therefore, no historical parallel to the formation of the Anglo-Indian empire.

The tactics pursued two thousand years since in the construction of the Roman empire, bear more resemblance to the history of the British power in India, than any other similar event during historic periods; but Roman generals went forth to add kingdoms to the republic or to the empire. The extension of their power was regularly planned, and their legions marched to forward that project; but we know in Britain that the empire of India grew against all the intentions, orders, and plans of the governing body, who were invariably disobeyed, without being able to attach any responsibility to their officers.

The connection of Britain with India may be considered a recent event. In the world's history, two centuries and a half form a short period, and our power in India is embraced within a much smaller compass. Two centuries, indeed, comprise our connection with Bengal. In 1624 a factory was established at Arnegum. The Mogul emperor sanctioned the erection of another shortly afterwards at a place called Pipley.

A native chief, in 1640, allowed the erection of a fort at Madraspatam. This erection was named Fort St. George, and it has become the centre of our capital on the Comorandel coast.

Mr. Broughton, an English medical gentleman, who was a resident of Surat in 1651, was enabled, on a visit to the court at Agra, to prescribe for the favorite daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan, who acknowledged a deep debt of gratitude to the successful physician, and he, more patriotic than many commercial men, took payment in mercantile advantages to his country. Mr. Broughton travelled from Agra to the Court of the Nabob of Bengal, and was equally successful in his medical prescriptions. Forgetful of himself, but mindful of his country, he accepted payment again in novel privileges to his country's trade. In 1656 the factory on the Hoogley was erected, and thus the capital of Bengal was founded.

Surat was the first centre of British trade on the western coast of Bombay, but the merchants there were exposed to the capricious exactions of the Mogul and his courtiers, and were always desirous of a more secure position. In 1652, when Charles II. married Catherine of Spain, he obtained the island of Bombay, as the dowry of his Queen, and it offered the means of accomplishing their object. The business of Western India was not, however, transferred to the new possession until 1687, when the government vested the sovereignty of the isle in the company of merchants.

The company at home were pleased with the importance thus attained, and instructed their agents to buy territory when it could be advantageously obtained. The scheme of an Anglo-Indian empire is therefore now one hundred and sixty-five years of age. A few small estates, resembling plantations in size, were then purchased around Bombay and Madras. A more splendid acquisition was made in 1698, when Azim Ooshaun, the son of Aurengzebe, sold to the company the Zemindarships of the towns and districts of Calcutta, Chatanuttal, and Govindpore. The company immediately began the erection of Fort William at Calcutta. It was completed in 1707, and then Calcutta became the capital of the Bengal establishment, as it has since been made the metropolis of Anglo-India.

The Anglo-Indian empire is not, therefore, more than one century and a half old. It commenced two thousand miles beyond the limit of Alexander's conquests. It now includes the eastern provinces of the Macedonian empire. Its progress in population has averaged fully one hundred millions per

century—one million annually. It alone stands in population as two and a half to one, when compared with the entire Russian empire. And the population are not overcrowded, for one-half of their country is not yet cultivated. The shadow of British dominion has protected them from the scorching plagues of internal war. It has come between them and many cruel habits which had gathered all the strength of statute law. It has stopped human sacrifices and funeral pyres. It has arrested the practice of infanticide. It is at last sending over the scorched plains the life-giving water from the Ganges, which rendered the river sacred in distant times. It will soon thus provide relief from the terrors of famine to a land in which the rainy season is life, and its absence death. We may, therefore, presume that the inhabitants increase in numbers without the regular stream of annexation which seems, like destiny, unavoidable. This empire is at present immeasurably stronger than any other Asiatic power. Its territory is compact and populous—more populous than any other part of Asia, with the probable exception of China. It is defended partly from the north by the highest mountains of the world. Many European officers of the Anglo-Indian army believe that a Russian invasion of India is impracticable.

They reckon much upon the desert barrier between the Caspian and Peshawur; but Alexander of Greece did not take that route, and we have yet to learn the existence of any obstacle that would arrest completely the march of armies across Persia, if Turkey were incorporated into Russia; but if that gigantic annexation were effected by the north, the mouth of the Euphrates, within a few days' sail of the estuaries of the Indus, would form a part of the Russian empire, stretching from the Pole to the Indian Ocean.

We have no sympathy with those who can, and do, peremptorily fix times and seasons for the fulfilment of all or any prophecies. Their habit is dangerous, and evinces little literary or scientific knowledge, and probably less reverence for the Bible. The parties who have fallen into the error explain what is not always intended to be so intelligible as they suppose, until the eve of the event or their absolute occurrence. They look upon prophecy as an absolute chart, and they are partially correct. It is always truth, but occasionally written in cyphers. Have they procured the key?

We refer, therefore, only to probabilities. We do not allege that the explanation which we have adopted of the phrase "Kings of the East" is correct. It has been advocated by a number of writers in recent years.

The most important work on the subject was published some years ago in London, under the title "Kings of the East."\* Some of the pamphlets lately published in America add this country, in connection with the present war, are obviously founded, in part, on this volume, which, nevertheless, has not been much read at home.

Events subsequent to its date have confirmed the views taken by its author. The western provinces of this great empire have been consolidated. The Punjab is a gain, and not a loss, to the revenue—as many persons expected it to become. Scinde promises to be a fertile and useful province. The population already appreciate the advantages of British rule. The peasantry have learned from the experience of a few years that it is possible for them to acquire property. Formerly they labored, and too frequently other men entered into their labors. They also benefit by the introduction of capital and science on lands where neither was employed, formerly, in the arts of peace. Even their position in their wars with the beasts of the field and the snakes of the sand will be improved. Some means will be found to prevent the destruction of several hundred lives annually by the wolves of the Punjab and the serpents of Scinde. Against the former, hostilities must soon bring complete success. The latter enemy, as at the beginning, so in the world's age, is the more subtle foe.

The political crisis which commenced in 1853 will draw the rulers of the East to the west. The government of Britain, although hard driven for soldiers, have shown no anxiety to bring the military power of India into the contest. They have withdrawn two regiments of horse to serve in the Crimea; but they have brought from that country no other European soldiers; although the Company have a considerable British army scattered over the presidencies.

The Earl of Aberdeen's Government, at the close of 1854, pushed through, almost by violence, the Act for the enlistment of foreign auxiliaries. They seemed to regard it as indispensable for the honor and safety of the nation; and yet it was a most unfortunate proceeding. The friends of the measure said that a long period was required to train recruits; but that the foreigners who would join the legion would have the advantage of previous training in the militia of the countries to which they might belong. Twelve months have passed since that date, yet not a single soldier of the Foreign Legion has fired a shot at the enemy; while numbers of our young men, who were engaged at that

time in their ordinary pursuits, have borne an active part in the siege of Sebastopol; and many are buried in the trenches that surrounded its fortresses. This fact abundantly testifies to the ignorance of statesmen on military topics; for the Foreign Legion has been hitherto useless, while it embroiled us in a quarrel with the United States. The policy was unnecessary, for the north-western provinces of India, and the border-lands of the Afghans, could have supplied a very large army of men, competent to bear even the climate of the Crimea in winter. If the Arabs and the Egyptians in the Turkish service can sustain the climate on the shore of the Euxine, even the ordinary Sepoys of India should be able "to weather" the cold of its winters. They might be better supplied with warm clothing, food, and fuel than the Sultan's subjects; but after the crimes of the last winter, it is necessary to wait for the experience of the present before reckoning on that contingency. We associate tropical seasons with our ideas of India; but it stretches now, for that matter, to the peaks of the Himalayas; and in the Punjab, or in some portions of the Afghan border-land, and towards Peshawur, the climate is colder than on any part of the Black Sea, even in the winter season.

The Government make no effort to associate India with the war against Russia. It has been allowed to stand aside as a neutral state. Not even have soldiers been recruited there for our service. All this obvious folly corresponds with those steps, unsought, by which that empire has been formed. But the Anglo-Indian officers have been brought into connection with the Turkish military and people. The career of that body of officers in this war began well at the defence of Silistria, and it has been admirably continued in the defence of Kars. Even at the battle of the Ingour we find English officers engaged with the soldiers of Omar Pasha. These incidental connections with the people of the Euphrates are of less consequence than the adoption by Great Britain of a numerous contingent of Turks under British officers, and in British pay.

The advisers of the Sultan were not all favorable to this policy. Some of them observed the tendency of the system to attach the soldiers to their paymasters. The Turkish soldiers can estimate the distinction between cash and credit in the payment of wages. The plundering habits of the Bashi-Bazouks have been blamed in bitter language by well-paid correspondents of our press, who forget that the Bashi-Bazouk wanted clothes, food, money—was a starving zealot to a cause which could not support him. The association of the people of Turkey with

\* One volume. Seeley.



British officers, will imperceptibly ruin their bigotry. They will all feel that, as their soldiers are allowed to act under the orders of one set of infidels, a variety of species must exist in the *genus*. Very probably their teachers may have sufficient ingenuity to give that explanation of the matter to curious Moslems; but under any view of the subject it is one more preparation of the way of the "Kings of the East."

Several years since the friends of rapid communication with India explored the Euphrates in the hope of finding a nearer route than that through Egypt, and round the Arabian peninsula, by the Red Sea. The adventurers were perfectly satisfied that the Euphrates is navigable for steamers farther up that river than they require to proceed on the route from or to Britain. An accurate map will show that it is a more direct route to India than that through Egypt; but especially to Kurrachee and the mouths of the Indus; and the trade with the Punjaub and Scinde must annually increase in importance. Maps do not, however, show atmospheric currents; and it is now ascertained that vessels on the voyage from Bombay, by making for the coast of Arabia — although the route is more circuitous than the direct passage to Aden — avoid the force of the monsoon, and save time. It follows that the monsoon would not be so formidable on the voyage to the Persian Gulf. And it is extremely probable that the Egyptian route to India will yet be superseded by the Euphratean. A change of this character, or even a partial change, would form another and decided preparation of the way.

The present war may not endure, perhaps, for a long period. Peace at an early date would not astonish any party in this country, and it would please many; but it will not be a peace to believe in, or to trust. The pride of the Russian government will not brook the check sustained in the complete destruction of preparations that have cost its spare blood and treasure for a quarter of a century. The first opportunity will be greedily seized to recover the lost ground. The Bosphorus forts will be this time turned. Constantinople will be approached from the East. The Castle of Gumri will be the new Sebastopol. Its arsenals may be imitated at the foot of the Armenian mountains, where its docks would be useless. But the Dniester, Dnieper, Bug, and Don will join the Volga in pouring men and stores into their great land-locked harbor. The canal navigation of Russia extends, or can easily be extended, from the Baltic to the Caspian. This war has taught the Russians Western strength and Northern weakness. They perceive that we cannot so easily interrupt their operations in the interior of Asia as upon the coasts of the central seas. They will slowly accumulate armies and stores. They will agree with Persia — ever willing to arrange with them. They will throw their utmost strength into a struggle with the Moslems in the direction of Kars, which stands on the Euphrates, or on one of its chief tributaries, and overwhelm Turkey in its least defended side. Then, if not before, the "Kings of the East" — if this identification be correct — will be compelled to take the way prepared for them.

As to the date of the introduction of turtle. It appears by a paper in *The World*, No. 123, May 8, 1756, that this luxury, long known in the West Indies, had for some time past become frequent, though not yet common, in England. In Lyttelton's *Dialogue of the Dead*, between Apicius and Darteneuf, the latter is made to lament that turtle was not known in his lifetime. Now, Darteneuf died in 1738, and we may therefore conclude that turtle was introduced to our tables between 1740 and 1750. — *Notes and Queries*.

FIRE. — When was the use of fire first discovered, and by whom? Is the flaming sword of the cherubim, who guarded the entrance to the Garden of Eden, after the expulsion of Adam and Eve, the first mention made of it?  
— *Notes and Queries*. L. M. M. R.

POSIES FROM WEDDING-RINGS. — The following references on this subject are taken from Shakspeare:

"Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?"

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me: whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife: 'Love me, and leave me not.'"  
— *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Sc. 1.

"Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?" — *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

"Jac. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?" — *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2.  
— *Notes and Queries*.

## MY LOVE IS FULL OF HAPPY MIRTH.

My love is full of happy mirth,  
Her laughter is a joy to see,  
And yet there's scarce a thing on earth  
She wishes not to be !

A flower, in some green covert found,  
Half hidden from the view :  
Ah yes, I said, were I the ground  
On which thy beauty grew.

A bird, that sky-ward might repair,  
Or soar to heavenly things :  
Ah yes, were I the blessed air  
That bore thy glittering wings !

Then she would like a river be,  
With green banks sweeping wide;  
And I — I'd be some willow tree  
Still whispering by her side.

Can I be nothing without you ?  
She poutingly replied.  
All things, to one another true,  
I said, must be allied !

As well divorce the air from light,  
The color from the flower,  
As banish me from that dear sight  
In which I live each hour !

If such a lot must me befall, —  
Though bird, or flower, or star, —  
I think, she smiled, that after all  
We're better as we are !

— *Literary Gazette.* CHARLES SWAIN.

## THE DARK SIDE.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,  
To lift the bright disguise,  
And lay the bitter truth  
Before our shrinking eyes;  
When evil crawls below  
What seems so pure and fair,  
Thine eyes are keen and true  
To find the serpent there :  
And yet — I turn away,  
Thy task is not divine,  
The evil angels look  
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,  
To show how closely wound  
Dark threads of sin and self  
With our best deeds are found;  
How great and noble hearts,  
Striving for lofty aims,  
Have still some earthly cord  
A meaner spirit claims;  
And yet — although thy task  
Is well and fairly done,  
Methinks for such as thee  
There is a holier one.

Shadows there are, who dwell  
Among us, yot apart,  
Deaf to the claim of God,  
Or kindly human heart;  
Voices of earth and heaven  
Call, but they turn away,  
And Love, through such black night,  
Can see no hope of day;  
And yet — our eyes are dim,  
And thine are keener far;  
Then gaze until thou seest  
The glimmer of some star.

The black stream flows along  
Whose waters we despise,  
Show us reflected there  
Some fragment of the skies;  
'Neath tangled thorns and briars  
(The task is fit for thee)  
Seek for the hidden flowers  
We are too blind to see;  
Then will I thy great gift  
A crown and blessing call;  
Angels look thus on men,  
And God sees good in all !

— *Household Words.*

## AT THE LINN-SIDE.

O LIVING, living water,  
So busy and so bright,  
Up-flashing in the morning beam,  
And sounding through the night —  
O golden-shining water,  
Would God that I might be  
A vocal message from His mouth  
Into the world, like thee !

O happy, happy water,  
Which nothing e'er affrays,  
And, as it pours from crag to crag,  
Nothing e'er stops or stays.  
But past cool heathery hollows.  
Or gloomy deeps it flows,  
By rocks that fain would close it in,  
Leaps through — and on it goes.

O freshening, sparkling water,  
O voice that's never still,  
Though Winter her fair dead-white hand  
Lays over brae and hill,  
Though no leaf's left to flitter  
In woods all mute and hoar,  
Yet thou, O river, night and day  
Thou runnest evermore.

No foul thing can defile thee;  
Thou castest all aside,  
Like a good heart that midst the ill  
Of this world doth abide.  
O living, living water,  
Still fresh and bright and free,  
God lead us through this changing world,  
Forever pure, like thee !

— *Chambers' Journal.*

From the Athenæum.

*The Song of Hiawatha.* By H. W. Longfellow. Bogue.

At length we have an American song by an American singer. For many years we have been preaching, on this side of the great waters, the poetical doctrine of America for the Americans. While the poets of that country were running off to Marathon and the Seven Hills, to London and the Black Forest, in search of poetic ore, we pointed out to them the rich lodes of fancy lying untouched and virgin at their own feet. Buried cities, — vanishing races, — forests, lakes, mountains, and waterfalls, — all the mythical and pictorial elements on which imagination loves to work, — are there, in their own great country, as we have said again and again, waiting the artist's eye to see their beauty, and the singer's tongue to give them voice. In breadth, variety, and color, the features of the New World transcend those of the Old. What is Sallenche to Niagara? The Rhine would run like a mere thread through the Mississippi. The mounds of the great American valley are probably older than the Pyramids and the Etruscan walls. Who has solved the mystery of the Aztecs? Who has touched the sad and tender chords of Indian story? Who has seized the poetic features of the Red Man? Surely here are fine materials for the true poet! Neither is that tale of the White Man in America devoid of romantic interest. Nay, it is, in our opinion, one of the most romantic tales on record. How full of movement, how stern and dramatic, how infinitely vast, and rapid, and complex, is that story — from Columbus to Raleigh, from Pizarro to Penn, from Las Casas to Oglethorpe! How much of passion, of intellect, of fancy, weaves itself into that bright and clouded web! How intensely poetical, too, are all the episodes and changes of that story — from the sailing of the three poor caravels from Palos down to the Declaration of Independence! Neglect of such a theme by American poets, in favor of legends of European goblins, European cities, and European literary fashions, has always appeared to us a serious impeachment of the national genius.

Mr. Longfellow, we repeat, has essayed to remove this literary reproach. He has taken for his theme an Indian legend, or something that has an appearance of being an Indian legend. The tale itself is beautiful, fanciful,

and new, and he has worked it up into a poem of many parts. The measure is novel as well as the matter. It is a rhymeless verse, with something of forest music in its rise and fall. In it, we hear, as it were, the swaying of trees, the whirr of wings, the pattering of leaves, the trickling of water. Hiawatha is a sort of Indian Cadmus, — a personage known, we are told, in many of the native tribes as a legendary being of miraculous birth, who came to teach the Red Man how to clear the forest, to sow the fields with grain, to read and write. Mr. Longfellow has taken this ancient legend as the basis of his work; he has also woven into the texture of his poem a few other and more original traditions found among the Red race; and he has produced in an imaginary memoir of the hero, Hiawatha, a picture of Indian life as it exists in the forest and by the river, full of light and color, repose and action.

Here is the account of his hero's wooing:

“As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
“Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not.  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!”

As the habit is, the old gentleman gives a great deal of advice; and as the habit also is, the young gentleman follows the desires of his own heart. He sets out in search of his bride, passing through prairie and forest, which are pictured to the fancy by Mr. Longfellow with a few delicate and powerful touches of his brush; and on arriving in the land of the Dacotahs, finds and wins the lady

of his choice—the Laughing Water. We set the scene before our readers:

“At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were!  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom:  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a  
footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
‘Hiawatha, you are welcome!’

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
‘You are welcome, Hiawatha!’

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

‘After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.’  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
‘That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!’

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely:  
‘Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!’

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
‘I will follow you, my husband!’

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!”

The Song of Hiawatha moves throughout  
in this beautiful and simple measure. Except  
in good hands, an instrument so artless would  
most likely fail. The line would tire on the



ear. But Mr. Longfellow has contrived to give variety even to a measure evidently chosen for its sad and tender monotone. The verse is constructed (sometimes with a sudden check at the end of a line, like an organ stop or the blow of a hammer, — sometimes with a dropping syllable, like water rushing over a ledge of rock, which throws the music over into the next line) so that despite its sameness of cadence it scarcely palls on the ear even at the five thousandth verse. Many sections of the poem tempt us to extract, and we scarcely know how to resist the poetic seductions of the "Song of the Evening Star," a very pretty legend of the "Blessing the Corn Fields," and of "The White Man's Foot." We select the last, on account of its poetic beauty, and for the striking figures of the two bold impersonations — Winter and Spring — with which it opens.

"In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Waubeyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses,  
Bound and plumed with scented grasses;  
On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.  
'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old man,  
'Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have travelled;  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
Very old and strangely fashioned;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
And the stem a reed with feathers;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it;

Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise:  
'When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!'

And the young man answered, smiling:  
'When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers!'

'When I shake my hoary tresses,'  
Said the old man, darkly frowning,  
'All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forests  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!'

'When I shake my flowing ringlets,'  
Said the young man, softly laughing,  
'Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild geese and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!'

While they spake, the night departed;  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, 'Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!'

Then the old man's tongue was speech-  
less,

And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwan, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him;  
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting gun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending,  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the tickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue-bird, the Owissa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the Omemee, the pigeon;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventure,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise:  
'Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!  
No one else beholds such wonders!'

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, 'It cannot be so!  
Kaw!' they said, 'it cannot be so!'

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
'Kaw!' they said, 'we don't believe it.'

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemcekes!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;  
'Kaw!' they said, 'what tales you tell us!'

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were covered!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlock.  
'Kaw!' they said, 'what lies you tell us!  
Do not think that we believe them!'

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting:  
'True is all Iagoo tells us;  
I have seen it in a vision,  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.  
'Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,  
Sends them to us with his message.  
Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

'Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us.  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

'I beheld, too, in that vision  
All the secrets of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be.  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

'Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;  
I beheld our nations scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels,  
Weakened, warring with each other;  
Saw the remnants of our people

Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn ! ”

It is beyond all doubt that this Song of Hiawatha will increase Mr. Longfellow's reputation as a singer. The verse, as we have said and proved by extract, is sweet and simple, is full of local and national color, has a

tone and ring of its own; in a word, the story of Hiawatha is the poet's most original production. We shall be glad to find Mr. Longfellow on a future day still working at this poetic mine. America has found a Pætolus within her border:—why should not her poets endow her with a new Parnassus!

**SWIFT'S COPYRIGHTS.**—The great additional light which “N. & Q.” has been the means of throwing on the literary history of Pope, renders it very desirable that similar attention should be paid to other eminent authors. Mr. Forster is now engaged on a new edition of Swift, and I would beg to suggest that our Editor should open his columns to a series of SWIFTIANA. It has been assumed by Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Boscoe, and others, that Pope was concerned in the publication of *Gulliver*, and received for the copyright a sum of £300, of which Swift generously made him a present. I can find no authority for this statement, nor does it appear that Pope was connected with the mystification that accompanied the publication of *Gulliver*. Erasmus Lewis was the negotiator, and the sum demanded for the copyright was only £200. The Manuscript was sent to Benjamin Motte, Swift's publisher; with a request that he should immediately, on undertaking the publication, deliver a bank bill of £200. Motte demurred to the immediate payment, but offered to publish the work within a month after he received the copy; and to pay the sum demanded, if the success would allow it, in six months. His terms were apparently accepted, for *Gulliver* appeared in the latter end of October or beginning of November, 1726. Arbuthnot mentions it under the date of November 8, saying he believed the *Travels* would have as great a run as John Bunyan. At the expiration of the six months, Motte seems to have applied for a longer period of credit. Swift's answer is characteristic:—“Mr. Motte, I send this enclosed by a friend, to be sent to you, to desire that you would go to the house of Erasmus Lewis in Cork Street, behind Burlington House, and let him know that you are come from me; for to the said Mr. Lewis I have given full power to treat concerning my cousin Gulliver's book, and whatever he and you shall settle I will consent to,” &c.—“RICHARD SYMPSON.” This is in Swift's handwriting, very slightly disguised. The engagement was closed in about a week afterwards, as appears from a memorandum on the same sheet: “London, May 4th, 1727. I am fully satisfied.—E. LEWIS.” These documents, with others,

were first published in 1840 by Dr. W. C. Taylor, in an illustrated edition of *Gulliver*; and I have seen the originals in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, grandson of Mr. Bathurst the publisher, who began his career in partnership with Mr. Motte. Pope does not appear in the transaction. Motte also published the *Miscellanies*, and by this work Swift received no pecuniary advantage. From unpublished letters, in the possession of Mr. Woodman (which it is to be hoped that gentleman will give to the world), it appears that the copyright money was divided between Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Swift; but that Swift's portion was directed to be sent to the widow Hyde, in Dame Street, Dublin. Mr. John Hyde was a respectable bookseller in Dublin, mentioned in Swift's printed correspondence. He died in 1729 in Motte's debt; and it was, no doubt, to relieve the widow, that Swift thus disposed of his share of the copyright of the *Miscellanies*. At all events, there is a positive declaration from Swift, addressed to Motte, December 9, 1732, that he had no advantage by any one of the four volumes of the *Miscellanies*. In a letter addressed to Pulteney, dated in the printed correspondence, May 12, 1735, Swift says: “I never got a farthing for anything I writ, except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me.” The vague expression, “about eight years ago,” would apply either to *Gulliver* or the *Miscellanies*; but I conceive the Dean alluded to the sum of £200 for the copyright of *Gulliver*. When corresponding with Motte in 1727, under the name of Richard Sympson, he was living with Pope at Twickenham; and most likely consulted with his friend as to the transaction with Motte, before giving Lewis instructions how to act. Pope was well skilled in the art of dealing with booksellers! I may add, that there is an interesting unpublished letter by Swift in the collection of Mr. Watson, bookseller, Prince's Street, Edinburgh; who has perhaps the finest private collection of autographs and old historical pictures in the kingdom.

INVERNESS.

R. CARRUTHERS.

—Notes and Queries.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SOME LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

THERE is a trait in the lives of great diplomatists, of which it is just possible some one or other of my readers may not have heard, which is, that none of them have ever attained to any eminence without an attachment—we can find no better word for it—to some woman of superior understanding, who has united within herself great talents for society, with a high and soaring ambition.

They who only recognize in the world of politics the dry details of ordinary parliamentary business, poor-law questions, sanitary rules, railroad bills, and colonial grants, can form but a scanty notion of the excitement derived from the high interests of party, and the great game played by about twenty mighty gamblers, with the whole world for the table, and kingdoms for counters. In this "grande rôle" women perform no ignoble part; nay, it were not too much to say that theirs is the very motive-power of the whole vast machinery.

Had we any right to step beyond the limits of our story for illustration, it would not be difficult to quote names enough to show that we are speaking not at hazard, but "from book;" and that great events derive far less of their impulse from "the lords" than from "the ladies of creation." Whatever be the part they take in these contests, their chief attention is ever directed, not to the smaller battle-field of home questions, but to the greater and wider campaign of international politics. Men may wrangle, and hair-split, and divide about a harbor bill or a road session; but women occupy themselves in devising how thrones may be shaken and dynasties disturbed—how frontiers may be changed, and nationalities trafficked; for, strange as it may seem, the stupendous incidents which mould human destinies are more under the influence of passion and intrigue, than the commonest events of every-day life.

Our readers may, and not very unreasonably, begin to suspect that it was in some moment of abstraction we wrote "Glencore" at the head of these pages, and that these speculations are but the preface to some very abstruse reflections upon the political condition of Europe. But no: they are simply intended as a prelude to the fact, that Sir Horace Upton was not exempt from the weakness of his order, and that he, too, reposed his trust upon a woman's judgment.

The name of his illustrious guide was the Princess Sabloukoff, by birth a Pole, but married to a Russian of vast wealth and high family, from whom she separated early in life, to mingle in the world with all the prestige of position, riches, and—greater

than either—extreme beauty, and a manner of such fascination as made her name of European celebrity.

When Sir Horace first met her, he was the junior member of our embassy at Naples, and she the distinguished leader of fashion in that city. We are not about to busy ourselves with the various narratives which professed to explain her influence at Court, or the secret means to which she owed her ascendancy over royal highnesses, and her sway over cardinals. Enough that she possessed such, and that the world knew it. The same success attended her at Vienna and at Paris. She was courted and sought after everywhere; and if her arrival was not feted with the public demonstrations that await royalty, it was assuredly an event recognized with all that could flatter her vanity, or minister to her self-esteem.

Sir Horace was presented to her as an *attaché*, when she simply bowed and smiled. He renewed his acquaintance some ten years later as a secretary, when she vouchsafed to say she remembered him. A third time, after a lapse of years, he came before her as a *chargé d'affaires*, when she conversed with him; and lastly, when time had made him a minister, and with less generosity had laid its impress upon herself, she gave him her hand, and said—

"My dear Horace, how charming to see an old friend, if you be good enough to let me call you so."

And he was so; he accepted the friendship as frankly as it was proffered. He knew that time was, when he could have no pretension to this distinction; but the beautiful Princess was no longer young; the fascinations she had wielded were already a kind of Court tradition; archdukes and ambassadors were no more her slaves; nor was she the terror of jealous queens and Court favorites. Sir Horace knew all this; but he also knew that, she being such, his ambition had never dared to aspire to her friendship, and it was only in her days of declining fortune that he could hope for such distinction.

All this may seem very strange and very odd, dear reader; but we live in very strange and very odd times, and more than one-half the world is only living on "second-hand"—second-hand shawls and second-hand speeches, second-hand books, and court suits and opinions are all rife; and why not second-hand friendships?

Now, the friendship between a by-gone beauty of forty—and we will not say how many more years—and a hacknied, half-disgusted man of the world, of the same age, is a very curious contract. There is no love in it; as little is there any strong tie of esteem; but there is a wonderful bond of



self-interest and mutual convenience. Each seems to have at last found "one that understands him;" similarity of pursuit has engendered similarity of taste. They have each seen the world from exactly the same point of view, and they have come out of it equally heart-weared and tired, stored with vast resources of social knowledge, and with a keen insight into every phase of that complex machinery by which one-half the world cheats the other.

Madame de Sabloukoff was still handsome—she had far more than what is ill-naturedly called the remains of good looks. She had a brilliant complexion, lustrous dark eyes, and a profusion of the most beautiful hair. She was, besides, a most splendid dresser. Her toilet was the very perfection of taste, and if a little inclining to over-magnificence, not the less becoming to one whose whole air and bearing assumed something of queenly dignity.

In the world of society there is a very great prestige attends those who have at some one time played a great part in life. The deposed king, the ex-minister, the banished general, and even the bygone beauty, receive a species of respectful homage, which the wider world without doors is not always ready to accord them. Good-breeding, in fact, concedes what mere justice might deny; and they who have to fall back upon "souvenirs" for this greatness, always find their advantage in associating with the class whose prerogative is good manners.

The Princess Sabloukoff was not, however, one of those who can live upon the interest of a bygone fame. She saw that, when the time of coquetting and its fascinations has passed, that still, with facilities like hers, there was yet a great game to be played. Hitherto she had only studied characters; now she began to reflect upon events. The transition was an easy one, to which her former knowledge contributed largely its assistance. There was scarcely a viceroy, scarcely a leading personage in Europe, she did not know personally and well. She had lived in intimacy with ministers, and statesmen, and great politicians. She knew them in all that "life of the salon," where men alternately expand into frankness, and practise the wily devices of their crafty callings. She had seen them in all the weaknesses, too, of inferior minds, eager after small objects, tormented by insignificant cares. They who habitually dealt with these mighty personages, only beheld them in their dignity of station, or surrounded by the imposing accessories of office. What an advantage, then, to regard them closer and nearer—to be aware of their short-comings, and acquainted with the secret springs of their ambitions!

The Princess and Sir Horace very soon saw that each needed the other. When Robert Macaire accidentally met an accomplished gamester, who tamed the king as often as he did, and could reciprocate every trick and artifice with him, he threw down the cards, saying, "Embrassons nous, nous sommes freres!" Now the illustration is a very ignoble one, but it conveys no very inexact idea of the bond which united these two distinguished individuals.

Sir Horace was one of those fine, acute intelligences, which may be gapped and blunted if applied to rough work, but are splendid instruments where you would cut cleanly, and cut deep. She saw this at once. He, too, recognized in her the wonderful knowledge of life, joined to vast powers of employing it with profit. No more was wanting to establish a friendship between them. Dispositions must be, to a certain degree, different between those who are to live together as friends, but tastes must be alike. Theirs were so. They had the same veneration for the same things, the same regard for the same celebrities, and the same contempt for the small successes which were engaging the minds of many around them. If the Princess had a real appreciation of the fine abilities of Sir Horace, he estimated, at their full value, all the resources of her wondrous tact and skill, and the fascinations which even yet surrounded her.

Have we said enough to explain the terms of this alliance? or must we make one more confession, and own that her insidious praise—a flattery too delicate and fine ever to be committed to absolute eulogy—convinced Sir Horace that she alone of all the world was able to comprehend the vast stores of his knowledge, and the wide measure of his capacity as a statesman.

In the great game of statecraft, diplomatists are not above looking into each other's hands; but this must always be accomplished by means of a confederate. How terribly alike are all human rogueries, whether the scene be a conference at Vienna, or the tent of a thimbliger at Ascot! La Sabloukoff was unrivalled in the art. She knew how to push raillery and *persiflage* to the very frontiers of truth, and even peep over and see what lay beyond. Sir Horace traded on the material with which she supplied him, and thereby acquired the reputation of being all that was crafty and subtle in diplomacy.

How did Upton know this? Whence came he by that? What mysterious source of information is he possessed of? Who could have revealed such a secret to him? were questions often asked in that dreary old drawing-room of Downing-street, where men's

destinies are shaped, and the fate of millions decided, from four o'clock to six P. M.

Often and often were the measures of the cabinet shaped by the tidings which arrived with all the speed of a foreign courier—over and over again were the speeches in Parliament based upon information received from him. It has even happened that the news from his hand has caused the telegraph of the Admiralty to signalize the Thunderer to put to sea with all haste. In a word, he was the trusted agent of our Government, whether ruled by a Whig or a Tory, and his despatches were ever regarded as a sure warranty for action.

The English Minister at a foreign court labors under one great disadvantage, which is, that his policy, and all the consequences that are to follow it, are rarely, if ever, shaped with any reference to the state of matters then existing in his own country. Absorbed as he is in great European questions, how can he follow, with sufficient attention, the course of events at home, or recognize, in the signs and tokens of the division list, the changeable fortunes of party? He may be advising energy when the cry is all for temporizing; counselling patience and submission, when the nation is eager for a row; recommend religious concessions in the very week that Exeter Hall is denouncing toleration; or actually suggesting aid to a Government that a popular orator has proclaimed to be everything that is unjust and ignominious.

It was Sir Horace Upton's fortune to have fallen into one of these embarrassments. He had advised the Home Government to take some measures, or, at least, look with favor on certain movements of the Poles in Russia, in order the better to obtain some concessions then required from the cabinet of the Czar. The Premier did not approve of the suggestion, nor was it like to meet acceptance at home. We were in a pro-Russian fever at the moment. Some mob disturbances at Norwich, a Chartist meeting at Stockport, and something else in Wales, had frightened the nation into a hot stage of conservatism; and never was there such an ill-chosen moment to succor Poles, or awaken dormant nationalities.

Upton's proposal was rejected. He was even visited with one of those disagreeable acknowledgments by which the Foreign Office reminds a speculative minister, that he is going *ultra crepidam*. When an envoy is snubbed, he always asks for leave of absence. If the castigation be severe, he invariably, on his return to England, goes to visit the leader of the Opposition. This is the ritual. Sir Horace, however, only observed it in half. He came home: but after his first

morning's attendance at the Foreign Office he disappeared; none saw or heard of him. He knew well all the value of mystery, and he accordingly disappeared from public view altogether.

When, therefore, Harcourt's letter reached him, proposing that he should visit Glencore, the project came most opportunely; and that he only accepted it for a day, was in the spirit of his habitual diplomacy, since he then gave himself all the power of an immediate departure, or permitted the option of remaining gracefully, in defiance of all pre-engagements, and all plans to be elsewhere. We have been driven, for the sake of this small fact, to go a great way round in our history; but we promise our reader that Sir Horace was one of those people whose motives are never tracked without a considerable *detour*. The reader knows now why he was at Glencore—he always knew how. The terrible interview with Glencore brought back a second relapse of greater violence than the first, and it was nigh a fortnight ere he was pronounced out of danger. It was a strange life that Harcourt and Upton led in that dreary interval. Guests of one whose life was in utmost peril, they met in that old gallery each day to talk, in half whispered sentences, over the sick man's case, and his chances of recovery.

Harcourt frankly told Upton that the first relapse was the consequence of a scene between Glencore and himself. Upton made no similar confession. He reflected deeply, however, over all that had passed, and came to the conclusion that, in Glencore's present condition, opposition might prejudice his chance of recovery, but never avail to turn him from his project. He also set himself to study the boy's character, and found it, in all respects, the very type of his father's. Great bashfulness united to great boldness, timidity and distrust, were there side by side with a rash, impetuous nature, that would hesitate at nothing in pursuit of an object. Pride, however, was the great principle of his being—the good and evil motive of all that was in him. He had pride on every subject. His name, his rank, his station, a consciousness of natural quickness, a sense of aptitude to learn whatever came before him—all gave him the same feeling of pride.

"There's a deal of good in that lad," said Harcourt to Upton, one evening, as the boy had left the room; "I like his strong affection for his father, and that unbounded faith he seems to have in Glencore's being better than every one else in the world."

"It is an excellent religion, my dear Harcourt, if it could only last!" said the diplomat, smiling amiably.

"And why shouldn't it last?" asked the other, impatiently.

"Just because nothing lasts that has its origin in ignorance. The boy has seen nothing of life—has had no opportunity for forming a judgment, or instituting a comparison between any two objects. The first shot that breaches that same fortress of belief, down will come the whole edifice!"

"You'd give a lad to the Jesuits, then, to be trained up in every artifice and distrust?"

"Far from it, Harcourt. I think their system a mistake all through. The science of life must be self-learned, and it is a slow acquisition. All that education can do is to prepare the mind to receive it. Now, to employ the first years of a boy's life by storing him with prejudices, is just to encumber a vessel with a rotten cargo, that she must throw overboard before she can load with a profitable freight."

"And is it in that category you'd class his love for his father?" asked the Colonel.

"Of course not; but any unnatural or exaggerated estimate of him is a great error, to lead to an equally unfair depreciation when the time of deception is past. To be plain, Harcourt, is that boy fitted to enter one of our great public schools, stand the hard rough usage of his own equals, and buffet it as you or I have done?"

"Why not? or, at least, why shouldn't he become so after a month or two?"

"Just because in that same month or two he'd either die broken-hearted, or plunge his knife in the heart of some comrade who insulted him."

"Not a bit of it. You don't know him at all. Charley is a fine give-and-take fellow; a little proud, perhaps, because he lives apart from all that are his equals. Let Glencore just take courage to send him to Harrow or Rugby, and my life on it, but he'll be the manliest fellow in the school."

"I'll undertake, without Harrow or Rugby, that the boy should become something even greater than that," said Upton, smiling.

"O, I know you sneer at my ideas of what a young fellow ought to be," said Harcourt; "but somehow you did not neglect these same pursuits yourself. You can shoot as well as most men, and you ride better than any I know of."

"One likes to do a little of everything, Harcourt," said Upton, not at all displeased at this flattery; "and some way it never suits a fellow, who really feels that he has fair abilities, to do anything badly; so that it comes to this, one does it well or not at all. Now you never heard me touch the piano?"

"Never."

"Just because I'm only an inferior performer; and so I only play when perfectly alone."

"Egad, if I could only master a waltz, or one of the melodies, I'd be at it whenever any one would listen to me."

"You're a good soul, and full of amiability, Harcourt," said Upton; but the words sounded very much as though he said, "You're a dear, good, sensible creature, without an atom of self-respect or esteem."

Indeed, so conscious was Harcourt that the expression meant no compliment, that he actually reddened and looked away. At last he took courage to renew the conversation, and said—

"And what would you advise for the boy, then?"

"I'd scarcely lay down a system, but I'll tell you what I would not do. I'd not bore him with mathematics; I'd not put his mind on the stretch in any direction; I'd not stifle the development of any taste that may be struggling within him, but rather encourage and foster it, since it is precisely by such an indication you'll get some clue to his nature. Do you understand me?"

"I'm not quite sure I do; but I believe you'd leave him to something like utter idleness."

"What to *you*, my dear Harcourt, would be utter idleness, I've no doubt, but not to *him*, perhaps."

Again the Colonel looked mortified, but evidently knew not how to resent this new sneer.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "the lad will not require to be a genius."

"So much the better for him, probably, at all events, so much the better for his friends, and all who are to associate with him."

Here he looked fixedly at Upton, who smiled a most courteous acquiescence in the opinion—a politeness that made poor Harcourt perfectly ashamed of his own rudeness, and he continued hurriedly—

"He'll have abundance of money. This life of Glencore's here will be like a long minority to him. A fine old name and title, and the deuce is in it if he can't rub through life pleasantly enough with such odds."

"I believe you are right, after all, Harcourt," said Upton, sighing, and now speaking in a far more natural tone; "it is rubbing through with the best of us, and no more!"

"If you mean that the process is a very irksome one, I enter my dissent at once," broke in Harcourt. "I'm not ashamed to own that I like life prodigiously; and if I be spared to say so, I'm sure I'll have the same

story to tell fifteen or twenty years hence, and yet I'm not a genius!"

"No!" said Upton, smiling a bland assent.

"Nor a philosopher either," said Harcourt, irritated at the acknowledgment.

"Certainly not," chimed in Upton, with another smile.

"Nor have I any wish to be one or the other," rejoined Harcourt, now really provoked. "I know right well that if I were in trouble or difficulty to-morrow—if I wanted a friend to help me with a loan of some thousand pounds—it is not to a genius or a philosopher I'd look for the assistance."

It is ever a chance shot that explodes a magazine, and so is it that a random speech is sure to hit the mark that has escaped all the efforts of skilful direction.

Upton winced and grew pale at these last words, and he fixed his penetrating gray eyes upon the speaker with a keenness all his own. Harcourt, however, bore the look without the slightest touch of uneasiness. The honest Colonel had spoken without any hidden meaning, nor had he the slightest intention of a personal application in his words. Of this fact Upton appeared soon to be convinced, for his features gradually recovered their wonted calmness.

"How perfectly right you are, my dear Harcourt," said he, mildly. "The man who expects to be happier by the possession of genius, is like one who would like to warm himself through a burning-glass."

"Egad, that is a great consolation for us slow fellows," said Harcourt, laughing; "and now what say you to a game at *carté*, for I believe it is just the one solitary thing I am more than your match in?"

"I accept inferiority in a great many others," said Upton, blandly; "but I must decline the challenge, for I have a letter to write, and our post here starts at daybreak."

"Well, I'd rather carry the whole bag than indite one of its contents," said the Colonel, rising, and, with a hearty shake of the hand, he left the room.

A letter was fortunately not so great an infliction to Upton, who opened his desk at once, and with a rapid hand traced the following lines:

"MY DEAR PRINCESS, — My last will have told you how and why I came here; I wish I but knew in what way to explain why I still remain! Imagine the dreariest desolation of Calabria in a climate of fog and sea-drift — sunless skies, leafless trees, impassable roads — the outdoor comforts, the joys within, depending on a gloomy old house, with a few gloomier inmates, and a host on a sick bed. Yet with all this I believe I am better; the doctor, a strange unsophisticated crea-

ture, a cross between Galen and Caliban, seems to have hit off what the great dons of science never could detect — the true seat of my malady. He says — and he really reasons out his case ingeniously — that the brain has been working for the inferior nerves, not limiting itself to cerebral functions, but actually performing the humbler office of muscular direction, and so forth; in fact, a field-marshal doing duty for a common soldier! I almost fancy I can corroborate his view, from internal sensations; I have a kind of secret instinct that he is right. Poor brain, why it should do the work of another department, with abundance of occupation of its own, I cannot make out. But, to turn to something else. This is not a bad refuge just now. They cannot make out where I am, and all the inquiries at my club are answered by a vague impression that I have gone back to Germany, which the people at F. O. are aware is not the case. I have already told you that my suggestion has been negatived in the Cabinet; it was ill-timed, Allington says, but I ventured to remind his lordship that a policy requiring years to develop, and more years still to push to profitable conclusion, is not to be reduced to the category of mere *apropos* measures. He was vexed, and replied weakly and angrily — I rejoined, and left him. Next day he sent for me, but my reply was, 'I was leaving town' — and I left. I don't want the Bath, because it would be 'ill-timed;' so they must give me Vienna, or be satisfied to see me in the House and the Opposition!

"Your tidings of Brekenoff came exactly in the nick. Allington said pompously that they were sure of him; so I just said, Ask him if they would like our sending a Consular Agent to Cracow? It seems he was so flurried by a fancied detection, that he made a full acknowledgment of all. But even at this Allington takes no alarm. The malady of the Treasury benches is deafness, with a touch of blindness. What a cumbrous piece of bungling machinery is this boasted representative government of ours! No promptitude — no secrecy! Everything debated, and discussed, and discouraged, before begun; every blot-hit for an antagonist to profit by! Even the characters of our public men exposed, and their weaknesses displayed to view, so that every state of Europe may see where to wound us, and through whom! There is no use in the Countess remaining here any longer; the King never noticed her at the last ball; she is angry at it, and if she shows her irritation she'll spoil all. I always thought Josephine would fail in England. It is, indeed, a widely different thing to succeed in the small Courts of Germany and our great whirlpool of St. James. You



could do it, my dear friend; but where is the other dare attempt it?

"Until I hear from you again I can come to no resolution. One thing is clear, they do not, or they will not, see the danger I have pointed out to them. All the home policy of our country is drifting, day by day, towards a democracy — how in the name of common sense then is our foreign policy to be maintained at the standard of the holy alliance? What an absurd juxtaposition is there between popular rights and an alliance with the Czar! This peril will overtake them one day or another, and then, to escape from national indignation, the minister, whoever he may be, will be driven to make war. But I can't wait for this; and yet were I to resign, my resignation would not embarrass them — it would irritate and annoy, but not disconcert. Brekenoff will surely go home on leave. You ought to meet him; he is certain to be at Ems. It is the refuge of disgraced diplomacy. Try if something cannot be done with him. He used to say formerly yours were the only dinners now in Europe. He hates Allington. This feeling, and his love for white truffles, are I believe the only clues to the man. Be sure, however, that the truffles are Piedmontese; they have a slight flavor of garlic, rather agreeable than otherwise. Like Josephine's lip, it is a defect that serves for a distinction. The article in the *Beaux Mondes* was clever, prettily written, and even well worked out; but state affairs are never really well treated save by those who conduct them. One must have played the game himself to understand all the nice subtleties of the contest. These your mere reviewer or newspaper scribe never attains to; and then he has no reserves — none of those mysterious concealments, that are to negotiations like the eloquent pauses of conversation — the moment when dialogue ceases and real interchange of ideas begins.

"The fine touch, the keen 'aperçu,' belongs alone to those who have had to exercise these same qualities in the treatment of great questions; and hence it is, that though the public be often much struck, and even enlightened, by the powerful 'article' or the able 'leader,' the statesman is rarely taught anything by the journalist, save the force and direction of public opinion.

"I had a deal to say to you about poor Glencore, whom you tell me you remember; but how to say it. He is broken-hearted — literally broken-hearted — by her desertion of him. It was one of those ill-assorted leagues which cannot hold together. Why they did not see this, and make the best of it — sensibly, dispassionately, even amicably — it is difficult to say. An Englishman, it

would seem, must always hate his wife if she cannot love him; and after all, how involuntary are all affections, and what a severe penalty is this for an unwitting offence.

"He ponders over this calamity, just as if it were the crushing stroke by which a man's whole career was to be finished forever. The stupidity of all stupidities is in these cases to fly from the world, and avoid society. By doing this a man rears a barrier he never can repress; he proclaims aloud his sentiment of the injury, quite forgetting all the offence he is giving to the hundred-and-fifty others, who, in the same predicament as himself, are by no means disposed to turn hermits on account of it. Men make revolutionary governments, smash dynasties, transgress laws, but they cannot oppose *convenances*!

"I need scarcely say that there is nothing to be gained by reasoning with him. He has worked himself up to a chronic fury, and talks of vengeance all day long like a Corsican. For company here I have an old brother-officer of my days of tinsel and pipe-clay — an excellent creature whom I amuse myself by tormenting. There is also Glencore's boy — a strange, peary kind of haughty fellow, an exaggeration of his father in disposition, but with good abilities. These are not the elements of much social agreeability, but you know, dear friend, how little I stand in need of what is called company. Your last letter, charming as it was, has afforded me all the companionship I could desire. I have re-read it till I know it by heart. I could almost chide you for that delightful little party in my absence, but of course it was, as all you ever do is, perfectly right; and after all I am, perhaps, not sorry that you had those people when I was away, so that we shall be more *chez soi* when we meet. But when is that to be? Who can tell? My medico insists upon five full weeks for my cure. Allington is very likely in his present temper to order me back to my post. You seem to think that you must be in Berlin when Seckendorf arrives, so that — But I will not darken the future by gloomy forebodings. I *could* leave this, that is, if any urgency required it, at once, but if possible it is better I should remain, at least a little longer. My last meeting with Glencore was unpleasant. Poor fellow, his temper is not what it used to be, and he is forgetful of what is due to one whose nerves are in the sad state of mine. You shall hear all my complainings when we meet, dear princess, and with this I kiss your hand, begging you to accept all '*mes hommages*' et *mes regards*.

"H. U.

"Your letter must be addressed 'Leenane, Ireland.' Your last had only 'Glencore'

on it, and not very legibly either, so that it made what I wished I could, the tour of Scotland before reaching me."

Sir Horace read over his letter carefully as though it had been a despatch, and when he had done, folded it up with an air of satisfaction. He had said nothing that he wished unsaid; and he had mentioned a little about everything he desired to touch upon. He then took his "drops" from a queer-looking little phial he carried about with him, and having looked at his face in a pocket-glass, he half closed his eyes in reverie.

Strange, confused visions were they that flitted through his brain. Thoughts of ambition the most daring, fancies about health, speculations in politics, finance, religion, literature, the arts, society—all came and went. Plans and projects jostled each other at every instant. Now his brow would darken, and his thin lips close tightly, as some painful impression crossed him; now again a smile, a slight laugh even, betrayed the passing of some amusing conception. It was easy to see how such a nature could suffice to itself, and how little he needed of that give-and-take which companionship supplies. He could—to steal a figure from our steam language—he could "bank his fires," and await any energy, and, while scarcely consuming any fuel, prepare for the most trying demand upon his powers. A hasty movement of feet overhead, and the sound of voices talking loudly, aroused him from his reflections, while a servant entered abruptly to say, that Lord Glencore wished to see him immediately.

"Is his lordship worse?" asked Upton.

"No, sir; but he was very angry with the young lord this evening about something; and they say, that with the passion he opened the bandage on his head and set the vein a bleeding again. Billy Traynor is there now trying to stop it."

"I'll go up stairs," said Sir Horace, rising, and beginning to fortify himself with caps, and capes, and comforters—precautions that he never omitted when moving from one room to the other.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### A NIGHT AT SEA.

GLENCORE's chamber presented a scene of confusion and dismay as Upton entered. The sick man had torn off the bandage from his temples, and so roughly as to re-open the half-closed artery, and renew the bleeding. Not alone the bed-clothes and the curtains, but the faces of the assistants around him, were stained with blood, which seemed the more ghastly from contrast with their pallid

cheeks. They moved hurriedly to and fro, scarcely remembering what they were in search of, and evidently deeming his state of the greatest peril. Traynor, the only one whose faculties were unshaken by the shock, sat quietly beside the bed, his fingers firmly compressed upon the orifice of the vessel. While, with the other hand, he motioned to them to keep silence.

Glencore lay with closed eyes, breathing long and labored inspirations, and at times convulsed by a slight shivering. His face, and even his lips, were bloodless, and his eyelids of a pale livid hue. So terribly like the approach of death was his whole appearance, that Upton whispered in the "doctor's ear"—

"Is it over? Is he dying?"

"No, Upton," said Glencore, for, with the acute hearing of intense nervousness, he had caught the words—"It is not so easy to die."

"There now—no more talkin'—no discocorsin'—azy and quiet is now the word."

"Bind it up and leave me—leave me with him;" and Glencore pointed to Upton.

"I darn't move out of this spot," said Billy, addressing Upton. "You'd have the blood coming out, *per saltim*, if I took away my finger."

"You must be patient, Glencore," said Upton, gently; "you know I'm always ready when you want me."

"And you'll not leave this? you'll not desert me?" cried the other, eagerly.

"Certainly not; I have no thought of going away."

"There, now, hould your prate, both of ye, or, by my conscience, I'll not take the responsibility upon me—I will not!" said Billy, angrily. "'Tis just a disgrace and a shame that ye havn't more discretion."

Glencore's lips moved with a feeble attempt at a smile, and in his faint voice he said—

"We must obey the doctor, Upton; but don't leave me."

Upton moved a chair to the bedside, and sat down without a word.

"Ye think an artery is like a canal, with a lock-gate to it, I believe," said Billy, in a low, grumbling voice to Upton, "and you forget all its vermicular motion, as ould Fabricius called it, and that is only by a coagulum, a kind of barrier, like a mud breakwater. Be off out of that, ye spalpeens! be off every one of yez, and leave us tranquil and paceable!"

This summary command was directed to the various servants, who were still moving about the room in imaginary occupation. The room was at last cleared of all save Upton and Billy, who sat by the bedside, his

hand still resting on the sick man's forehead. Soothed by the stillness, and reduced by the loss of blood, Glencore sank into a quiet sleep, breathing softly and gently as a child.

"Look at him now," whispered Billy to Upton, "and you'll see what philosophy there is in ascribin' to the heart the source of all our emotions. He lies there azy and comfortable, just because the great bellows is working smoothly and quietly. They talk about the brain, and the spinal nerves, and the solar plexus, but give a man a wake, washy circulation, and what is he? He's just like a chap with the finest intentions in the world, but not a sixpence in his pocket to carry them out! A fine, well-regulated, steady-batin' heart is like a credit on the bank — you draw on it, and your draft is n't dishonored!"

"What was it brought on this attack?" asked Upton, in a whisper.

"A shindy he had with the boy. I was n't here. There was nobody by; but when I met Master Charles on the stairs, he flew past me like lightning, and I just saw by a glimpse that something was wrong. He rushed out with his head bare, and his coat all open, and it sleetin' terribly! Down he went towards the Lough, at full speed, and never minded all my callin' after him."

"Has he returned?" asked Upton.

"Not as I know, sir. We were too much taken up with the lord to ask after him."

"I'll just step down and see," said Sir Horace, who arose, and left the room on tip-toe.

To Upton's inquiry all made the same answer. None had seen the young lord — none could give any clue as to whither he had gone. Sir Horace at once hastened to Harcourt's room, and after some vigorous shakes, succeeded in awakening the Colonel, and by dint of various repetitions at last put him in possession of all that had occurred.

"We must look after the lad," cried Harcourt, springing from his bed, and dressing with all haste. "He is a rash, hot-headed fellow; but even if it were nothing else, he might get his death in such a night as this."

The wind dashed wildly against the window-panes as he spoke, and the old timbers of the frame rattled fearfully.

"Do you remain here, Upton. I'll go in search of the boy. Take care Glencore hears nothing of his absence."

And with a promptitude that bespoke the man of action, Harcourt descended the stairs and set out.

The night was pitch dark; sweeping gusts of wind bore the rain along in torrents, and the thunder rolled incessantly, its clamor increased by the loud beating of the waves as they broke upon the rocks. Upton had re-

peated to Harcourt that Billy saw the boy going towards the sea-shore, and in this direction he now followed. His frequent excursions had familiarized him with the place, so that even at night Harcourt found no difficulty in detecting the path and keeping it. About half-an-hour's brisk walking brought him to the side of the Lough, and the narrow flight of steps cut in the rock, which descended to the little boat-quay. Here he halted, and called out the boy's name several times. The sea, however, was running mountains high, and an immense drift, sweeping over the rocks, fell in sheets of scattered foam beyond them; so that Harcourt's voice was drowned by the uproar. A small shealing under the shelter of the rock formed the home of a boatman; and at the crazy door of this humble cot Harcourt now knocked violently.

The man answered the summons at once, assuring him that he had not heard or seen any one since the night closed in; adding, at the same time, that in such a tempest a boat's crew might have landed without his knowing it.

"To be sure," continued he, after a pause, "I heard a chain rattlin' on the rock soon after I went to bed, and I'll just step down and see if the yawl is all right."

Scarcely had he left the spot, when his voice was heard calling out from below —

"She's gone! — the yawl is gone! the lock is broke with a stone and she's away!"

"How could this be? no boat could leave in such a sea," cried Harcourt eagerly.

"She could go out fast enough, sir. The wind is north-east due; but how long she'll keep the sea is another matter."

"Then he'll be lost!" cried Harcourt, wildly.

"Who, sir — who is it?" asked the man.

"Your master's son!" cried he, wringing his hands in anguish.

"O, murder! murder!" screamed the boatman, "we'll never see him again. 'Tis out to say — into the wild ocean he'll be blown!"

"Is there no shelter — no spot he could make for?"

"Barrin' the islands, there's not a spot between this and America."

"But he could make the islands — you are sure of that?"

"If the boat was able to live through the say. But sure I know him well; he'll never take in a reef or sail; but sit there, with the helm hard up, just never carin' what came of him! O, musha! musha! what druv him out such a night as this?"

"Come, it's no time for lamenting, my man; give the launch ready, and let us follow him. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" replied the man, with a touch

of scorn in his voice; "faix, it's little fear troubles me; but may be you won't like to be in her yourself when she's once out. I've none belongin' to me—father, mother, chick or child; but you may have many a one that's near to you."

"My ties are, perhaps, as light as your own," said Harcourt. "Come, now, be alive. I'll put ten gold guineas in your hand if you can overtake him."

"I'd rather see his face than have two hundred," said the man, as, springing into the boat, he began to haul out the tackle from under the low half-deck, and prepare for sea.

"Is your honor used to a boat, or ought I to get another man with me?" asked the sailor.

"Trust me, my good fellow, I have had more sailing than yourself, and in more treacherous seas, too," said Harcourt, who, throwing off his cloak, proceeded to help the other, with an address that bespoke a practised hand.

The wind blew strongly off the shore, so that scarcely was the foresail spread, than the boat began to move rapidly through the water, dashing the sea over her bows, and plunging wildly through the waves.

"Give me a hand now with the hal'yard," said the boatman; "and when the main-sail is set, you'll see how she'll dance over the top of the waves, and never wet us."

"She's too light in the water, if anything," said Harcourt, as the boat bounded buoyantly, under the increased press of canvas.

"Your honor's right; she'll do better with half a ton of iron in her. Stand by, sir, always with the peak hal'yards; get the sail aloft in when I give you the word."

"Leave the latter to me, my man," said Harcourt, taking it as he spoke. "You'll soon see that I'm no new hand at the work."

"She's doing it well," said the man. "Keep her up! keep her up! there's a spit of land runs out here; in a few minutes more we'll have say-room enough."

The heavier roll of the waves, and the increased force of the wind, soon showed that they had gained the open sea; while the atmosphere, relieved of the dark shadows of the mountain, seemed lighter and thinner than inshore.

"We're to make for the islands, you say, sir?"

"Yes. What distance are they off?"

"About eighteen miles. Two hours, if the wind lasts, and we can bear it."

"And could the yawl stand this?" said Harcourt, as a heavy sea struck the bow, and came in a cataract over them.

"Better than ourselves, if she was manned. Luff! luff! — that's it!" And as the boat turned up to wind, sheets of spray and foam flew over her. "Master Charles hasn't his equal for steerin', if he wasn't alone. Keep her there! — now! steady, sir!"

"Here's a squall coming," cried Harcourt; "I hear it hissing."

Down went the peak, but scarcely in time, for the wind, catching the sail, laid the boat gunwale under. After a struggle, she righted, but with nearly one-third of her filled with water.

"I'd take in a reef, or two reefs," said the man; "but if she could n't rise to the sea, she'll fill and go down. We must carry on, at all events."

"So say I. It's no time to shorten sail, with such a sea running."

The boat now flew through the water, the sea itself impelling her, as with every sudden gust the waves struck the stern.

"She's a brave craft," said Harcourt, as she rose lightly over the great waves, and plunged down again into the trough of the sea; "but if we ever get to land again, I'll have combings round her to keep her dryer."

"Here it comes! — here it comes, sir!"

Nor were the words well out, when, like a thunder-clap, the wind struck the sail, and bent the mast over like a whip. For an instant it seemed as if she were going down by the prow; but she righted again, and, shivering in every plank, held on her way.

"That's as much as she could do," said the sailor; "and I would not like to ax her to do more."

"I agree with you," said Harcourt, secretly stealing his feet back again into his shoes, which he had just kicked off.

"It's fresh'n'ing it is every minute," said the man; "and I'm not sure that we could make the Islands if it lasts."

"Well — what then?"

"There's nothing for it but to be blown out to say," said he, tragically, as, having filled his tobacco-pipe, he struck a light, and began to smoke.

"The very thing I was wishing for," said Harcourt, touching his cigar to the bright ashes. "How she labors — do you think she can stand this?"

"She can, if it's no worse, sir."

"But it looks heavier weather outside."

"As well as I can see, it's only be-ginnin'."

Harcourt listened with a species of admiration to the calm and measured sentiment of the sailor, who, fully conscious of all the danger, yet never, by a word or gesture, showed that he was flurried or excited.



"You have been out on nights as bad as this, I suppose?" said Harcourt.

"May be not quite, sir, for it's a great eay is runnin'; and, with the wind off shore, we could n't have this, if there was n't a storm blowing further out."

"From the westward, you mean?"

"Yes, sir—a wind coming over the whole ocean, that will soon meet the land wind."

"And does that often happen?"

The words were but out, when, with a loud report like a cannon-shot, the wind reversed the sail, snapping the strong sprit in two, and bringing down the whole canvas clattering into the boat. With the aid of a hatchet, the sailor struck off the broken portion of the spar, and soon cleared the wreck; while the boat, now reduced to a mere foresail, labored heavily, sinking her prow in the sea at every bound. Her course, too, was now altered, and she flew along parallel to the shore, the great cliffs looming through the darkness, and seeming as if close to them.

"The boy!—the boy!" cried Harcourt; "what has become of him? He never could have lived through that squall."

"If the spar stood, there was an end of us, too," said the sailor; "she'd have gone down by the stern, as sure as my name is Peter."

"It is all over by this time," muttered Harcourt, sorrowfully.

"Pace to him now!" said the sailor, as he crossed himself, and went over a prayer.

The wind now raged fearfully; claps, like the report of cannon, struck the frail boat at intervals, and laid her nearly heel uppermost; while the mast bent like a whip, and every rope creaked and strained to its last endurance. The deafening noise, close at hand, told where the waves were beating on the rock-bound coast, or surging with the deep growl of thunder through many a cavern. They rarely spoke, save when some emergency called for a word. Each sat wrapped up in his own dark reveries, and unwilling to break them. Hours passed thus—long, dreary hours of darkness, that seemed like years of suffering, so often in this interval did life hang in the balance.

As morning began to break with a grayish blue light to the westward, the wind slightly abated, blowing more steadily, too, and less in sudden gusts; while the sea rolled in large round waves, unbroken above, and showing no crest of foam.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Harcourt.

"Yes, sir; we're off the Rooks' Point, and if we hold on well, we'll be soon in slacker water."

"Could the boy have reached this, think you?"

The man shook his head mournfully, without speaking.

"How far are we from Glencore?"

"About eighteen miles, sir; but more by land."

"You can put me ashore, then, somewhere hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, in the next bay; there's a creek we can easily run into."

"You are quite sure he could n't have been blown out to sea?"

"How could he, sir? There's only one way the wind could drive him. If he isn't in the Clough Bay, he's in glory."

All the anxiety of that dreary night was nothing to what Harcourt now suffered, in his eagerness to round the Rooks' Point, and look into the bay beyond it. Controlling it as he would, still would it break out in words of impatience, and even anger.

"Don't curse the boat, ye'r honor," said Peter, respectfully, but calmly; "she's behaved well to us this night, or we'd not be here now."

"But are we to beat about here forever?" asked the other, angrily.

"She's don't well, and we ought to be thankful," said the man; and his tone, even more than his words, served to prove the other's impatience. "I'll try and set the mainsail on her with the remains of the sprit."

Harcourt watched him, as he labored away to repair the damaged rigging; but though he looked at him, his thoughts were far away with poor Glencore upon his sick-bed, in sorrow and in suffering, and perhaps soon to hear that he was childless. From these he went on to other thoughts. What could have occurred to have driven the boy to such an act of desperation? Harcourt invented a hundred imaginary causes, to reject them as rapidly again. The affection the boy bore to his father seemed the strongest principle of his nature. There appeared to be no event possible in which that feeling would not sway and control him. As he thus ruminated, he was aroused by the sudden cry of the boatman.

"There's a boat, sir, dismasted, ahead of us, and drifting out to sea."

"I see her!—I see her!" cried Harcourt; "out with the oars, and let's pull for her."

Heavily as the sea was rolling, they now began to pull through the immense waves, Harcourt turning his head at every instant to watch the boat, which now was scarcely half a mile ahead of them.

"She's empty!—there's no one in her!"

said Peter, mournfully, as, steadying himself by the mast, he cast a look seaward.

"Row on—let us get beside her," said Harcourt.

"She's the yawl!—I know her now," cried the man.

"And empty?"

"Washed out of her with a say, belike," said Peter, resuming his oar, and tugging with all his strength.

A quarter of an hour's hard rowing brought them close to the dismasted boat, which, drifting broadside on the sea, seemed at every instant ready to capsize.

"There's something in the bottom in the stern-sheets!" screamed Peter. "It's himself!—O blessed Virgin, it's himself!" And, with a bound, he sprang from his own boat into the other.

The next instant he had lifted the helpless body of the boy from the bottom of the boat, and, with a shout of joy, screamed out—

"He's alive!—he's well!—it's only fatigue!"

Harcourt pressed his hands to his face, and sank upon his knees in prayer.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE AND SYMPATHY WITH LITERARY TALENT.

"The Marquis of Lansdowne being struck with a short poem, 'So it come,' by Frances Browne, which appeared in the *Athenæum*, applied for information respecting the author; and on learning that she had been long beset by difficulties, placed £100 at her disposal, which was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered."—*The Guardian*, Sept. 5.

On reading the above paragraph, I was reminded of a circumstance not less deserving of honorable record, that occurred twenty-two years ago, on an occasion when the noble marquis applied to me, then in the foreign house of Treuttel and Würtz, the publishers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,—for the purpose of ascertaining the author of an article in the number just then published of that *Review*,—an article with which his lordship informed me he had been "so struck"—his own words—that he was desirous of becoming acquainted with the writer of it. Being delighted by the occurrence of such an unexpected piece of good fortune to a young Irishman with whom I had recently become acquainted, and whom I had introduced to the editor of the *Review* (the late Mr. Cochrane, of the London Library)—I informed his lordship that the article in question was written by a Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Cooke Taylor, a literary man who had recently come to London from Trinity College, Dublin; and who was then chiefly occupied in writing for the booksellers. His lordship added that he had some works in his library, which he thought would interest Mr. Taylor, whom he would be glad to see any morning at Lansdowne House. I lost no time in acquainting Mr. Taylor with this striking tribute to the merits of his communication from a nobleman of such distinguished discernment of literary talent and of sympathy for its gifted possessors. The article which attracted Lord Lansdowne's attention in so remarkable a manner, was (if my memory does not deceive me), "On Mohammed and

Mohammedanism" (*F. Q. R.* No. 23, 1833)—a subject on which Dr. Taylor afterwards wrote a distinct work. The marquis continued Dr. Taylor's friend and patron to the last; having appointed him, as I was informed, but a short time before his early and lamented death, to a lucrative post on the Irish Statistical Commission—a post for which he had given many proofs of fitness, not the least of which was by an article in the *Foreign Quarterly*, on the "Objects and Advantages of Statistical Science." (Vol. xvi. p. 205.) Dr. T.'s first communication to that *Review* was on Niebuhr's new edition of the *Byzantine Historians*, a subject selected by himself as his *coup d'essai*, and, in his treatment of it, affording evidence of such scholarship and ability, as convinced the editor that Dr. T. would prove a most valuable contributor.

JOHN MACRAY.

#### —Notes and Queries.

It is well known that the albumen with which any books have been sized, in the course of time (especially if they have been visited by damp) becomes altered in composition; I therefore suggest that the plan of marking books with a pencil be adopted, and for these reasons: After the writing is finished, it can be fixed with milk, and will remain perfect many years in a dry place. It does not disfigure the book, and both lead and milk being on the surface, they can be erased at any time with a sharp knife, but the lead can never be destroyed by fire. I have some writing in pencil by me, as distinct as when written more than ten years ago. The milk should be dabbed on with a sponge, otherwise the lead will be rubbed off, and this will make the writing less clear, and give the book a dirty appearance. The plan has also this advantage: notes written anywhere can be fixed anywhere where milk is to be had,—a desideratum for travellers.—AVON LEA.

—Notes and Queries.

From The Spectator.

## LEWES' LIFE OF GOETHE.\*

AMONG the literary men of the last hundred years, there is no more interesting figure than Johann Wolfgang Goethe. With the exception of Napoleon Bonaparte, there is no one, be he writer or actor, who stands out from the mass of his contemporaries so prominently, and who is so sure of being more and more identified—as time rolls on, ripening all things that are true, and destroying all things that are false and partial—with the history of this period. Whatever else perishes and is forgotten, these two—the king of thought and the king of deed—will be among the everlasting heirlooms of European civilization; the ideas to which they gave articulate form with the pen and with the sword will be among the conscious influences destined to shape the ideas, the character, and the conduct of our latest posterity. Writers fond of antithesis somewhat hastily pronounce, in comparing the influence of two such men, that the empire of the king of speech is of a more permanent character than that of the king of action; as if the first Napoleon ceased to sway the world when he ceased to lead the armies of France—as if the changes he effected in Europe had been really obliterated by the treaty of Vienna! Calmer observers may remember that the earth bears traces to this day of primæval deluges, Noachian or Ethnic; and, since Mr. Carlyle made the comparison between Goethe and Napoleon, a second empire has arisen, to prove that great action sows a seed which may be as prolific and as enduring in its progeny as great speech.

Goethe interests us on his own account, and on account of the persons by whom he was surrounded. He is not only the greatest figure in German literature, but he is the centre of the greatest group. He is not only the Shakspeare of Germany, but the Shakspeare of the Elizabethan age of Germany; not only the author of the greatest works, but the source of the widest influence. Filling with his own activity the largest circle of thought, and cultivating to their highest power faculties originally of extraordinary fertility, he has combined, more than any other writer that we know, excellence, variety, and quan-

tity. Shakspeare was a greater dramatist certainly, and we think with equal certainty a much greater poet. But Goethe wrote *Werther*, and *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, as well as *Goetz*, *Egmont*, and *Faust*. Milton could roll on in majestic word-thunder, and unfold to his grand music pictures as grand; but where are we to look in Milton for the figures to put beside Mignon, Philina, Clärchen, and greatest of all, the Faust-Gretchen? Bacon was minister of a greater sovereign than Karl August, and of a greater state than little Saxon Weimar,—a wise moralist, a noble prose-writer, the man to whom more than to any one Europe owes her scientific method. The discovery of the maxillary bone in man, the idea of the vertebrate character of the skull, the elaborated theory of the metamorphosis of plants, though they indicate a marvellous advance on contemporary notions of philosophic method, and are themselves important steps in the science of development, must yield to the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*. But the wonder is, that these discoveries should have been made by the author of *Werther* and *Hermann and Dorothea*. Walter Scott was even more prolific, and in literature quite as various; but, to say nothing of the important difference that Scott's variety is only specific, even enthusiastic Edinburgh would hesitate in placing the quality of Scott's best works on a level with that of Goethe's best; and posterity will probably agree with Carlyle in classing the two men at very different elevations, and, while they regard Scott as the man who does best to amuse the leisure-hour, will assign to Goethe the nobler function of occupying the most serious studies of the highest intellects, of blending the ministry of Wisdom with the grace of Art, profound reflection and wide culture with the force of imagination and the play of humor.

Thus producing largely, in the most various fields, and with consummate excellence, Goethe was as a matter of course a man of wide acquaintance and of vast influence. What a group of names that is which spontaneously rises to the recollection associated with his! what a vast change in the literature of his country is blended inseparably in the mind, as it was in fact, with the different æras of his life! The fact becomes most impressive when we remember what German literature means to a German or a cultivated Englishman now,

\* The Life and Works of Goethe: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from Published and Unpublished Sources. By G. H. Lewes, Author of "The Biographical History of Philosophy," &c. In two volumes. Published by Nutt.

and what it meant before Goethe's time. The only names of importance that precede his are Klopstock and Lessing; and how small now is the practical influence of the former! Round Goethe's image we now see Herder, Schiller, Wieland, the two Humboldts, the two Schlegels, Jacobi, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, and a crowd of others whose works are on the shelves of every reading man's library. The Goethe literature has attained a bulk which would make its complete mastery a life study. *Werther*, *Goetz*, *von Berlichingen*, *Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*, were each in their turn the fruitful parents of a patriarchal family of imitations. The amount of activity excited by Goethe's works in the way of comment, criticism, and imitation, is, it appears to us, quite without parallel, and must always be a prominent topic in any adequate literary history of the period. We believe that the catalogue of books illustrative of Goethe already fills a moderate octavo volume. He attained the questionable advantage of being made a classic when he was yet alive; and while eager visitors took pilgrimages to Weimar as to a shrine of mysterious sanctity, and not seldom found the god silent and sometimes terrible, ruthless commentators raised hideous discord of the critic orchestra round his unresisting books, and tried to unflinch the clearest art in Europe into metaphysical dry bones, and to interpret, as they call it, magnificent music into formula of school or catechism of sect.

A phenomenon of such magnitude, so wide and complex in its relations when viewed even in its literary aspect alone, was not likely to make itself clearly understood at first glance; and — while in Germany Goethe's rank as facile princeps has not seriously been disputed, though Schiller was, and may be for all we know still, the more popular poet — the English public has scarcely yet begun to give him place among its household favorites of the exotic species. His literary worth is accepted rather on the testimony of acknowledged authorities than on experience. And this, natural enough among people who read his works only in translations, is also very largely true of English people who read German. So far as the excellence of his poems is untranslatable — and this would include all his lyrics and the finest qualities of his dramatic poetry — there is no remedy for an absence of appreciation which all foreign poets

share. Form and substance in poetry are inseparable without vital injury to the poem which undergoes transformation into another language. But we think Goethe labors under prejudices which, quite apart from ignorance of the German language and the inevitable loss of beauty and force which poetry undergoes in translation, impede his claim to be studied with affectionate attention, — prejudices which affect the English reader of German, as well as the reader of German literature translated into English. They are mainly three, and may be summed up in the charge of want of heart, laxity of morals, indifference in politics. Like all lies that obtain any currency, there is a basis of facts, which, interpreted by a disposition to see everything from one particular point of view, and a resolution to believe a great man a little man if possible, lend color to these charges: and the general public, which knows nothing else of Goethe, is sure when his name is mentioned to recognize him as the man who went about in his youth breaking women's hearts, and in his old age made love to an innocent impulsive girl, to put her fresh feelings into poems for which his cold nature could not else find material; as the man who had illegitimate children by a low woman, whom he was afterwards fool enough to marry, and was served right; as the man who, when Germany rose — a nation for the moment — against Napoleon, had no sympathy with the movement, and who all his life preferred to be the servile courtier of a petty prince rather than the poet of a free people.

Now, so far as these prejudices have really stood in the way of England's recognition of Goethe's true greatness, and have prevented many from reading his works, and distorted the judgments of many who have dipped into them, the publication of this *Life* by Mr. Lewes will be a signal service to truth and justice. All these charges are candidly met, the facts on which they are founded stated with honesty, and the inferences from them fairly and thoroughly discussed. Mr. Lewes is a great admirer of Goethe, as it is necessary that a biographer should be; but his admiration has not made him shirk facts apparently to the discredit of his hero. It is of that deeper kind which has faith enough in its object to refuse to allow any shade of suspicion to rest upon his character; all shall be clear at any rate, whether it tells for him or



against him. And the result is, that, while Goethe is shown to be a man, and as a man with the temperament as well as the faculties of the poet to have done much he ought not to have done and left undone much which he ought to have done, he is also shown to have possessed one of the noblest and sweetest natures ever given to erring man, and to have lived as ever in the eyes of the Great Taskmaster who had given him his talents, and was by that gift calling him to discharge great duties. Whatever other causes may hereafter militate against Goethe's popularity in England among persons whose judgment is worth anything on such a question, the old misconceptions of his character and conduct must henceforth go into Time's waste-paper-basket.

But Mr. Lewes has not written a polemical book, though our first thought of it has been connected with the vast amount of rubbish it is calculated to render finally obsolete among us. It is, on the contrary, an animated narrative, that never flags in interest, and leaves the reader at the end of the second volume longing for more; the work of a man writing on a subject of which he knows much more than he tells, and whose chief difficulty has been to compress his ample materials into the prescribed space. We have been so accustomed of late to lives of inferior men written in many volumes by men inferior to them, that at first it seems difficult to believe that an adequate life of Goethe, who lived eighty-three years, and whose actuating principle was "ohne Hast, ohne Rast," can be compressed into two volumes. But a thorough study of his subject, a careful preparation extended through many years, a conscientious devotion to a task voluntarily undertaken, and trained skill in authorship, have enabled Mr. Lewes to convey a lively representation of the man Goethe as he lived, of the society of which he was the centre, of the general characteristics of the time, and to blend with all this picture of the man and his environment ample analytical criticism on his principal writings, and intelligent discussion of the principles upon which poetry and prose fiction should be conducted. To say that more might be written on all these subjects, is to say simply that Mr. Lewes has written a work of art, and not thrown before the public a quarry of raw material or a bundle of separate treatises. Within the space he has chosen to fill — and the

limit appears to us wisely chosen — he has selected judiciously and arranged skilfully; and we owe to him a very complete and satisfactory account of the life and writings of the greatest literary man of modern Europe.

Most persons who know of Goethe anything more than his name, know of his Strasburg passion; and those who know and honor him best have had hard thoughts of him for his treatment of Frederika. Why he did not marry her, has been often asked; and never very satisfactorily answered. Mr. Lewes discusses the question with marked good sense and moderation, and this is his verdict:

"I believe, then, that the egoism of genius, which dreaded marriage as the frustration of a career, had much to do with Goethe's renunciation of Frederika; not consciously, perhaps, but powerfully. Whether the alarm was justifiable, is another question, and is not to be disposed of with an easy phrase. It is mere assumption to say 'marriage would have crippled his genius.' Had he loved her enough to share a life with her, his experience of women might have been less extensive, but it would assuredly have gained an element it wanted. It would have been deepened. He had experienced, and he could paint (no one better), the exquisite devotion of woman to man; but he had scarcely ever felt the peculiar tenderness of man for woman, when that tenderness takes the form of vigilant protecting fondness. He knew little, and that not until late in life, of the subtle interweaving of habit with affection, which makes life saturated with love, and love itself become dignified through the serious aims of life. He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, to become wiser, teaching each other to soar. He knew little of this; and the kiss, Frederika! he feared to press upon thy loving lips — the life of sympathy he refused to share with thee — are wanting to the greatness of his works."

But on the charge that Goethe sacrificed his genius to a Court life, Mr. Lewes can acquit his client with the consent of all men of sense.

"As we familiarize ourselves with the details of this episode, there appears less and less plausibility in the often iterated declamation against Goethe on the charge of his having 'sacrificed his genius to the Court.' It becomes indeed a singularly foolish display of rhetoric. Let us for a moment consider the charge. He had to choose a career. That of poet was then, even more than now,

impossible; verse could create fame, but no money: *fama* and *fames* were then, as ever, in terrible contiguity. As soon as the necessity for a career is admitted, much objection falls to the ground; for those who reproach him with having wasted his time on court festivities, and the duties of government, which others could have done as well, must ask whether he would have *saved* that time had he followed the career of jurisprudence and jostled the lawyers through the courts at Frankfort? or would they prefer seeing him reduced to the condition of poor Schiller, wasting so much of his precious life in literary 'hack-work,' translating French books for a miserable pittance? *Time*, in any case, would have been claimed; in return for that given to Karl August, he received, as he confesses in the poem addressed to the Duke, 'what the great seldom bestow—affection, leisure, confidence, garden and house. No one have I had to thank but him; and much have I wanted, who, as a poet, understood the arts of gain. If Europe praised me, what has Europe done for me? Nothing. Even my works have been an expense to me.'

"In 1801, writing to his mother on the complaints uttered against him by those who judged so falsely of his condition, he says they only saw what he gave up, not what he gained—they could not comprehend how he grew daily richer, though he daily gave up so much. He confesses that the narrow circle of a burgher life would have ill accorded with his ardent and wide-sweeping spirit. Had he remained at Frankfort, he would have been ignorant of the world. But here the panorama of life was unrolled before him, and his experience was every way enlarged. Did not Leonardo da Vinci spend much of his time charming the Court of Milan with his poetry and lute-playing? did he not also spend time in mechanical and hydrostatical labors for the state? No reproach is lifted against his august name; no one cries out against his being false to his genius; no one rebukes him for having painted so little at one period. The 'Last Supper' speaks for him. Will not *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Hermann* and *Dorothea*, *Faust*, *Meister*, and the long list of Goethe's works, speak for him?

"I have dwelt mainly on the dissipation of his *time*, because the notion that a court life affected his genius by 'corrupting his mind' is preposterous. No reader of this biography, it is to be hoped, will fail to see the true relations in which he stood to the Duke; how free they were from anything like servility or suppression of genuine impulse. Indeed, one of the complaints against him, according to the unexceptionable authority of Riemer, was that made by the subalterns, 'of his not being sufficiently atten-

tive to Court etiquette.' To say, as Niebuhr says, that the 'Court was a *Dalilah* to which he sacrificed his locks,' is profoundly to misunderstand his genius, profoundly to misread his life. Had his genius been of that stormy class which produces great reformers and great martyrs—had it been his mission to agitate mankind by words which, reverberating to their inmost recesses, called them to lay down their lives in the service of an idea—had it been his tendency to meditate upon the far-off destinies of man, and sway men by the coercion of grand representative abstractions,—then, indeed, we might say his place was aloof from the motley throng, and not in sailing down the swiftly-flowing stream to sounds of mirth and music on the banks. But he was not a reformer, not a martyr. He was a poet, whose religion was Beauty, whose worship was of Nature, whose aim was culture. His mission was to paint life; and for that it was requisite he should see life, to know

"The haunt and the main region of his song."

Happier circumstances might indeed have surrounded him and given him a greater sphere. It would have been very different, as he often felt, if there had been a nation to appeal to, instead of a heterogeneous mass of small peoples, willing enough to talk of Fatherland, but in nowise prepared to become a nation. There are many other *ifs* in which much virtue could be found; but inasmuch as he could not create circumstances, we must follow his example, and be content with what the gods provided. I do not, I confess, see what other sphere was open to him in which his genius could have been more sacred; but I do see that he built out of circumstance a noble temple, in which the altar-flame burnt with a steady light. To hypothetical biographers he left the task of settling what Goethe *might have been*; enough for us to catch some glimpse of what he was."

As a specimen of the narrative portion of the book we subjoin the account of Goethe's daily life at Weimar, about the beginning of this century, when he was fifty years old.

"He rose at seven, sometimes earlier, after a sound and prolonged sleep: for, like Thorwaldsen, he had a 'talent for sleeping' only surpassed by his talent for continuous work. Till eleven he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he resumed work till one. At two he dined. This meal was the important meal of the day. His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were al-

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ways welcome. He sat a long while over his wine, chatting gaily to some friend or other, for he never dined alone; or to one of the actors, whom he often had with him, after dinner, to read over their parts, and to take his instructions. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles.

"Lest this statement should convey a false impression, I hasten to recall to the reader's recollection the very different habits of our fathers in respect of drinking. It was no unusual thing to be a 'three-bottle man' in those days in England, when the three bottles were of port or burgundy; and Goethe, a Rhinelander, accustomed from boyhood to wine, drank a wine which his English contemporaries would have called water. The amount he drank never did more than ex-

hilarate him — never made him unfit for work or for society.

"Over his wine, then, he sat some hours; no such thing as dessert was seen upon his table in those days — not even the customary coffee after dinner. His mode of living was extremely simple; and even when persons of very moderate circumstances burned wax, two poor tallow candles were all that could be seen in his rooms. In the evening he went often to the theatre, and there his customary glass of punch was brought at six o'clock. If not at the theatre, he received friends at home. Between eight and nine a frugal supper was laid; but he never took anything except a little salad or preserves. By ten o'clock he was usually in bed."

MEMOIR OF THE KING OF SWEDEN. — OSCAR I., King of Sweden and Norway, born July 4, 1799, is the only issue of the marriage of Marshal Bernadotte with Desirée Clary, daughter of a merchant of Marseilles, whose elder sister married Joseph Bonaparte. Oscar Bernadotte was placed, at the age of nine years, in the Imperial Lyceum, where his name may yet be seen on the walls of the various *quartiers* of that establishment. Marshal Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, accepted the reversion of the crown, and borrowing 2,000,000 francs, that he might not appear in Stockholm with only his sword, proceeded at once to that capital with his son, after both had abjured Catholicism on the road, and embraced Lutheranism, the dominant religion of Sweden. Bernadotte had shortly the satisfaction of seeing his son soon forget his French in the course of a year, and acquire, under the teaching of the poet Atterborn, perfect mastery over the Swedish language.

In 1818, when, after the death of Charles XIII., Bernadotte ascended the throne, he transmitted to Oscar the title of Chancellor of the University of Upsal, of which next year he became a student. His military instruction kept pace with his literary instruction, and in 1818 he became Colonel of the Guards. He had scarcely quitted the Swedish soil during his reign. Once, however, under pretence of going to visit the banks of the Rhine he pushed as far as Eichstadt, in Bavaria, the residence of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, whose eldest daughter Josephine he married, July 19th of that year.

This marriage was much talked of in Europe, as seeming to prove that the plebeian origin of the new Swedish dynasty had not been forgotten by the courts of the continent. In 1834 he was named Viceroy of Norway; and in 1838, in con-

sequence of the continued illness of his father, Regent of the kingdom. In 1844 he ascended the throne, and became heir to a personal fortune of 80,000,000 francs, saved by the King from a civil list of but 3,000,000 francs per annum. His Government has been marked by liberality and justice. He has four sons and two daughters, one of whom the old King of Denmark wished to make his third wife, but received a positive refusal.

TIMES PROHIBITING MARRIAGE. — I have a note to the effect that the following is entered in the register of the church of St. Mary, Beverly, with the date "November 25, 1641," but I have no reference to the authority.

"When Advent comes do thou refrain,  
Till Hillary set ye free againe.  
Next Septuagessima saith the nay,  
But when Lowe Sunday comes thou may.  
Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie,  
Till Trinitie shall bid the marry."

STOKE NEWINGTON. — *Notes and Queries.*

SIMILE OF A WOMAN TO THE MOON. — The version I have seen (and I believe in print) of the Latin epigram on this subject runs thus:

"*Luna est Fœmina.*

"Luna, rubet, pallet, crescit, noctu, ambulat,  
errat,  
Hæc quoque fœmineo propria sunt generi;  
Cornua Luna facit; facit hæc quoque Fœmina:  
Luna  
Mense semel mutat; Fœmina quaque die."

— *Notes and Queries.*

D. S.

## BABIE BELL.

THE POEM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT  
THREE APRILS LONG.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

HAVE you not heard the poet tell  
How came the dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours?

The gates of heaven were left ajar:  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes  
She wandered out of Paradise!

She saw this planet, like a star,  
Hung in the depths of purple even —  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged seraphs go,  
Bearing the holy dead to heaven!  
She touched a bridge of flowers — those feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels!  
They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
And all the air grew strangely sweet;  
And thus came dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours!

She came, and brought delicious May!  
The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
Like sunbeams in and out the leaves,  
The robins went, the livelong day:  
The lily swung its noiseless bell,  
And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.  
O, earth was full of pleasant smell,  
When came the dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell!  
How fair she grew from day to day;  
What woman nature filled her eyes,  
What poetry within them lay!  
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
So full of meaning, pure and bright  
As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those oped gates of Paradise!  
And we loved Babie more and more:  
O never in our hearts before  
Such holy love was born;  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen —  
The land of deathless morn.

And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth,  
The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Babie came from Paradise!  
For love of him who smote our lives,  
And woke the chorals of joy and pain,  
We said, "Sweet Christ!" our hearts bent down  
Like violets after rain!

And now the orchards which were once  
All white and rosy in their bloom —  
Filling the crystal heart of air  
With gentle pulses of perfume —  
Were thick with yellow, juicy fruit;  
The plums were globes of honey rare,  
And soft-checked peaches blushed and fell;  
The grapes were purpling in the grange;  
And time wrought just as rich a change

## In little Babie Bell!

Her little form more perfect grew,  
And in her features we could trace,  
In softened curves, her mother's face:  
Her angel nature ripened too.  
We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now;  
Around her pale and lofty brow  
We saw a ring of slender flame!

It came upon us by degrees;  
We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
The knowledge that our God had sent  
His messenger for Babie Bell!  
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,  
And all our thoughts ran into tears!  
And all our hopes were changed to fears —  
The sunshine into dismal rain!

Aloud we cried in our belief:  
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!  
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
And perfect grow through grief!"  
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;  
Her little heart was cased in ours —  
They're broken caskets — Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,  
The messenger from unseen lands:  
And what did dainty Babie Bell?  
She only crossed her little hands,  
She only looked more meek and fair.  
We parted back her silken hair;  
We laid some buds upon her brow —  
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!  
And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
Out of this world of ours.

— *Journal of Commerce.*

## SONNET.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

Il fato,  
Credi, è tremendo, perche l'uomo è vile;  
Ed un codardo fu colui che primo  
Un Dio ne fece. — *V. Monti.*

WITH high-souled Monti, cowardly I deem  
Him who first made a god of destiny;  
For our "life-statue," I believe, may be  
Shaped from the shadows of Youth's earnest  
dream,  
So rainbow-wreathed with many a fairy gleam —  
Until it rise bright as that fantasy,  
A thing of light, all beautiful and free,  
In front of earth and heaven. Thus it should  
seem  
That he who steadfast stands through good and  
ill,  
Who yokes blind Fortune's coursers to his car,  
Who through strange failures works untiring  
still,  
Until all adverse powers are driven far,  
Shall conquer Fate through the resistless will,  
And rise crowned victor o'er his evil star.

— *Chambers' Journal.*



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HOW I BECAME AN EGYPTIAN.

[The following fragments were left at home by an eccentric young man, who had given some promise in the literary way, but volunteered the other day, to the grief of his friends, and sailed for the East. We give them to our readers as they have come into our hands, leaving them to decide whither he has assigned adequate exciting causes for the strange suspicions which seem to have taken hold of his imagination. Men know but little of the psychology of this portion of our organization: anything, therefore, which tends to illustrate it, is interesting. — Ed.]

I FLED through the streets, crowded as they were, forcing my way, with the determination of terror; for I felt that I must make my escape, whatever came of it. The avenues of the city actually roared with life and blazed with light, from a thousand voices and footsteps, a thousand wheels, and a thousand jets of vivid gas. Yet through all did I speed—speed along—I know not how, I scarcely know why, whither, or from what; but with some vague idea of reaching the river, as if its banks were the horns of the altar of Hope.

It was down an alley I was now pressing, narrow at first, and partially obscure, but, as it opened upon a solitary gaslight, widening into a silent street, of which the termination seemed swallowed up in darkness. As we rushed—why do I say we? As I rushed out of the din of the raging city into this deserted avenue, and bounded along it, I began to hear, what I had only been intuitively conscious of before, the footsteps of one running behind me. It may be supposed that the sound added wings to my flight, which was further urged by the knowledge that I was fast approaching the banks of the river. In fact, the sullen rush of its black waters began to make itself audible, traversing at right angles the double row of grim houses, which ranked at either side off into shadow, and terminating the perspective before me. Here the ground, or street-way, too, began to descend, as the bank of the river was approached; and by some fainter lights, sparingly scattered, there came into view the shapeless hulls of barges, moored in masses along the shelving slime of the water's edge.

I suppose at any other period of my life I could not have contemplated casting myself into the gloomy and foul uncertainties of this

dark region without horror and dismay. Now the one feeling was, *escape*. I looked forward into the blackness, as into the face of a friend. A wide wooden rail was about this time passed on my left, with oars leaning against it. Farther down, I brushed by a ring and rope. What was still lower, I could not see; and for an instant hesitated about trusting my foot down into the darkness, when one of the oars I had just left above me I heard fall—it had been touched, I felt, by the Pursuer. My mind was made up. I trod boldly forward, and found footing to make a spring on to the gunwale of a barge. I reached it; and passed with three strides across it to another, moored alongside, and then to a third, in crossing which I could discern the reflections of the dim lights of the opposite side of the river, struggling, as it were, to hold their places against the rush of the black stream towards the left. My terror must have been extreme, enhanced by the bounding up of the planks behind me under the pursuing step, for I never slackened my pace, nor felt an instant's hesitation, but, fevered as I was by the hot speed of my course, sprung, as far as my wildest strength could carry me, out into the mid-stream.

Panting, wet, giddy, exhausted, reeking with slime, which booted my legs up to the knees, I leaned against a damp wall to recover breath and consciousness after my transit. Involuntarily straining my eyes back into the tide I had just crossed, I experienced a feeling of relief, as I saw that there was nothing swimming across. So I have baffled the Pursuer, I said to myself—put the river between it and me! Well done! The swim was a tough one, and the flounder out tougher still. I have been all but sucked down—an ugly death. But here I am—*alone*. The shadow of a smile stole across my features as I plashed slowly up the slope, and sought for some road or avenue that might conduct me within the lights, and towards the habitations of men. Nor was I long unsuccessful. The wall, which I had to feel along, turned abruptly to the right after a few yards, and I judged, from the difference of the footing, that I was now on a beaten path, which must have its exit somewhere in a thoroughfare. Exhausted as I was—shocked, drenched, bemired—I could not help feeling proud of the feat I had accomplished; and a glow of

exultation arising from this, joined with the feeling of safety, made me forget for an instant the sorry, sad plight I was in; and that as I approached the haunts and paths of men I should become an object of wonder, perhaps of suspicion, perhaps of ridicule—of all things the hardest to bear. Those who have dreamt (not a very uncommon sequel of indigestion) that, by some strange, whimsical misadventure, they must commit themselves to public exposure, either partially or wholly undressed, and felt all the agonizing acuteness of an exaggerated moral and personal modesty penetrating their entranced nature, and quivering in the vitals of their morbid over-consciousness, may understand what my sensations must have been when I had time, as yet in safety and solitude, to reflect upon what was inevitably before me, even before I could dash myself into a reluctant cab, and get, for an immensely-augmented fare, driven home to my sofa, cigars, and astonished own people. Even my cloak was gone. I could not assume an incognito, I had flung it away early in my career. Besides, it was peculiar. I could not have hidden myself in it. There was something of the monk about it. It had a hood, and sleeves hanging outside.

Just then I found a path crossing mine at right angles, which caused a break in the continuity of wall. This path led into the one I was traversing, by a turn-stile. I glanced for the instant I took in passing it through the opening to the right, behind which lights, many, though distant, gleamed. An instant sense of suffocation seized me. Some object remained photographed upon my eye, fixed there during its momentary transit. A figure was approaching the turn-stile, within three yards of it; and on this figure was my cloak!

Once again! Forward, forward, forward! On, on! Into or out—to anything, so that that Form, that *Thing*, be escaped from! A hundredth part of the glimpse it got of me in passing would have been enough for it. For me, its identity would have been revealed by the lightning's flash. It needed not mine inkly cloak to recognize it. I saw how it was. The bodily Shadow was up with me by the time I had reached the first verge of light.

A great forge, a distillery—a foundry—a house on fire, perhaps! A light before me glowed high into the murky heavens, in

which a canopy of red hung over something of deeper red, like a curtain over a corpse murdered in bed. But a minute before, I had recoiled from exposure. Now, the idea of there being crowds congregated, fire-engines, police, a furious mob seeking for plunder, was a relief. Among them *might* be safety—must be bewilderment. I made straight for the glare, the fatal footfall echoing my own all the way.

Fleet—fleet was my footstep! The things I passed by seemed to pass me by in a swift procession; those nearest me flashing across me like projectiles. With my eye upon the ruddy sky before me, I sped for its centre, observing such turns, where they occurred, as would conduce to that point. For intricate ways did now offer obstacles to a direct course, and I was obliged to exercise a prompt but firm discretion at the several corners I encountered. Here and there, too, a human figure might be seen passing, at one side or the other; but not near enough either to obstruct or assist me. Indeed, I could not bring myself to wish a closer proximity to any of these single and unknown wayfarers. Rather did I experience an undefined dread of league and collusion, perhaps, with the Enemy in pursuit, under which impression I gave single figures a wide berth whenever I could. When I could not, my passage was so instantaneous that I recognized nothing more than a startled turn of the head, or a hasty withdrawal from my path, before the individual, whoever it was, was gathered up with the great mass of things I had swept behind me.

On, on! Heavens! I hear it breathing! Short and hurried respirations come from over my shoulders, at but a few yards' distance.

We are now more in the country. Strips of hedges alternate with walls; the foot-path is edged with grass; there is a freshness of smell, and less of noise. The region lies black about me, save under the glow. O! for the heart of the city again!

Walls again. The road, too, is narrower—the light, growing fiercer, right ahead. Very fierce must that light be, to throw up such a reflection. It cannot be far off, I thought; yet I hear no sound, no roaring multitude, no congregating crowds, no charging engines, no strokes of the pumps. What can it be, after all! Can it be—is it—is it! In short, I began to suspect that my

moth-like flight might in the end prove not only unavailing but disastrous. Suppose an actual furnace reached. I enter, face the fire, and am either recognized as a bedlamite, or devoured by the grim Feature at my heels.

I was strongly inclined to take a new line, and make for another point; and with this idea made some observations on the bearings. It may be believed that by this time I was tolerably well breathed. I have said nothing of this; but I suppose human lungs and muscles were never more desperately and fearfully tasked than were mine at that moment. One by one, every encumbrance was flung off; every garment went, until I was left with scarcely more than my shirt and drawers upon me, streaming with perspiration, my veins swelled to bursting, my face all of a glow, my hair hanging in tangled mats about my ears, or floating on the dew of my forehead, and gasping sobs issuing convulsively from my over-labored breast. It was as I turned to examine my chance of escape by some other avenue than that which led straight to the fire, that I perceived the Pursuer had insensibly gained upon me, and was now almost in contact with me! I felt his breath hot upon my shoulder, and upon the exposed part of the throat just behind the ear; and—O, horror! just at the same instant there came upon me the conviction that escape there was really *none*; that I was caught in a *cul-de-sac*; in short, that *the way was not open before me*! I was confirmed in the former dread suspicion by distinctly perceiving that on my essaying once or twice to draw across to one side of the road or to the other, with a view to doubling, so as to return by the path I had travelled, the Thing seemed conscious of my intention, and swerved to the right or left, as the case might be, with the manifest object of cutting off my retreat. And as to the latter, I could now see that the road, already become a lane between high walls, was blocked up a short way before me by a barrier, I could not see what, behind which glowed the fierce illumination so long my guiding-point.

So I am to be caught at last—clutched, seized, overmastered by this hideous Form, whose malignity may be measured by the desperation of his pursuit, and wrenched out of humanity, perhaps, into some horrible extravagance of agony, undutterable, inconceivable, but endurable, for the long term of

vague hatred entertained for the victim by the monster that haunts it down! There? its hand was close to me that time—*had touched me*! Ah! I spring forward with supernatural energy under the mesmerism of that terrible contact, and fling myself at the broad black door before me, which opens of its own accord to receive me. Even at that wild moment, I caught at the only ray of hope left. I turned short round to draw the bolt if possible on the Pursuer. Too late! There was his face, close to my own—*inside*. One look was enough—I dropped to the earth insensible.

Relief! only a reprieve! The terrible mystery was made plain! I could not believe, or understand, or assent to, the horrors now around me. I refused conviction of my own identity, and abnegated the very existence of what I saw, felt, and heard. It is curious how, in extreme circumstances, the soul may thus estrange itself, under a strong and determined disclaimer, from *what is*—that is, from what the bodily senses it stands connected with report to be, and hold aloof, in some high sense of self-subexisting isolation, from contact with the Real and Actual of its lower nature. It is thus that martyrs at the stake have been heard to sing triumphant hymns, and seen with a visible expression of joy upon their countenances—no doubt only the exponent of the real feelings within. In these instances, the relative state of the two portions of our nature, while in its normal condition, is reversed. For whereas, under ordinary circumstances, the body is the conduit of impressions to the soul, which reflects back the feelings, passions, and sensations it has itself conducted in upon its surface, in this case, it is the soul which forces itself from within outwards, and constrains the material body to be the reflex of the immaterial spirit. These reflections are forced from me by the consciousness I felt at that trying moment of possessing the power of detaching self from self, and abandoning one to horrors under which the other would have shrivelled into annihilation. I really do not wish to take the reader by surprise; I am far from inviting him to go on with me; I hardly wish him to do so. It is my duty to pursue the thread of my narrative, and I am determined to proceed; but no corresponding obligation lies upon anybody else. What I am bound to

write, no man—or woman—is bound to read. Indeed, unless with a determination to believe, the reader had far better stop here. There are things which lose half their terrors by being looked upon and looked into as either psychological or physiological facts, which, if they were hunted into the dark recesses of a morbid brain, would there put on a startling aspect, and turn round upon us like wild beasts.

The mystery of the conflagration was resolved. A brick floor, spreading out on each side more than a hundred feet, sloped slightly upwards to a series of open furnaces, or grates, ranging along the wall which faced me, and giving forth to my eyes, and into the surrounding court, and thence to the sky, a glare so intense, that I was obliged to look away, after one of those absorbing glances which the nature implanted within us all compels us to direct in the first instance towards any object, however strange or terrific, at whatever cost. While my eyes were thus, as it were, hurled back from what they had been directed to, and seemingly blinded forever, the image had been so strongly impressed upon the retina, that I was able, in that dark and quivering chamber of vision, to look from an inner position upon the image there imprinted, and could satisfy myself that there were six distinct furnaces, of huge dimensions, at equal distances along the wall. Were this all—had I been, in short, merely a spectator of this conflagration—I might have looked on, or looked away, with some degree of calmness; or rather, with such excitement merely as so wonderful a spectacle might be expected to produce upon a naturally sensitive and nervous temperament. But O! let it not be supposed for a moment that I felt free to consider myself a lounging visitor—come there to book wonders for the *Dublin University Magazine*. There were good reasons for this not being so. I have said nothing of the Follower—the Pursuer—the Form—the Feature—the Thing. He had me now; he had me bound; he had me powerless; he had me pale, trembling, clammy with cold sweat; he had me, able to walk as he led;—he had me, WALKING UP TOWARDS THE FIRE! I could no more now have requested accompanying him, than a short time previous I could have helped fleeing before him. He had my will in the grasp of his, as the mesmeriser seizes his patient by the

hair of the head; and his will was—that I should advance.

Nearer!—nearer!—yet nearer! Strange to say, my eyes are able to look straight upon the glow. I can discern objects now. Shapes move to-and-fro across the mouth of the furnaces, of far tougher material than Nebuchadnezzar's guards, or they would have shrunk up into tinder. What are the wretches about? Cooking, apparently. Some of them wear nightcaps and aprons, and use ladles. A horizontal shadow, too, crosses the line of fires. It is as impossible to describe as it is to account for the loathing revulsion of feeling, the secret and horrible misgiving, with which I gazed upon this parallel of combustion—this black equator, stretching across the torrid regions of fire, and swerving and winding ever, so as to present no continuing outline to my eye—for such I soon discovered to be its characteristic. Not only did the shadow bulge out, where it opposed itself to the middle of each furnace, tapering off to each end, but changed its shape by a slow and regular transition, returning, after a certain uniform period, to the original figure, and thence passing through the same cycles, to return to the phase from whence it started. This, I concluded, could only be explained in one manner—namely, by the rotation of an uneven outline upon an axis. The objects, whatever they were, were turning horizontally and slowly round before the fires. There was also, as I soon became conscious, an occasional click and strain, such as machinery gives, to be heard even over sounds much louder and more continuous. But this evidence of scientific mechanical application, far from lessening the sense of the wild and horrible in the aspect of the whole scene, added another element—that of mystery and design—to the simpler terrors of the raging element of fire.

Up towards this blinding wall of flame was my body led—irresistibly, slowly, continually—notwithstanding the desperate protestations of my inner spirit. I could now see. Nothing was too glowing, too scorching for my organs. I could discern particulars. The moving things were men. Some were busy in shovelling fuel in at the roaring throat of the furnace, and these came out in vivid portraiture of vermilion for the instant that the brawny, naked arm dashed its load inwards; and then darted back into the blackness of



spectres the next moment. Some, as I have remarked already, were occupied over the rotating bodies—how, it baffled me for a second to conjecture; but, another step, and I saw—

• • • • •  
And I was to undergo a *similar process*!

Well, I suppose we have all of us the power to bear what cannot be escaped from. At all events, the fire, which I had expected to have broiled my brain to madness, and shrivelled my skin to tinder, strange to say had an effect of its own very different from what I had anticipated. My sufferings, instead of increasing up to the point of annihilation, arrived at a maximum just where the corporeal substance of the frame became incapable of any longer resisting the mechanical effects of the power of heat. From that point, a sensible reaction began to be experienced, and at the same time as sensible an augmentation in the perceptive and rational faculties, which appeared to undergo a process of sublimation, and expand and purify in an extraordinary degree, by the very means which dislodged them from their fleshly tabernacle, affording a parallel to the case of manuscript on paper, which, when it is cast into the flame, at first is obliterated, but, as the material is reduced to tinder, gradually resumes its legibility, until the whole thing shrivels and disappears; with this (also analogous) peculiarity—that whereas the writing is originally black, on white paper, *now it is the paper that is black, while the characters stand out in light upon it!* Whether my conviction was philosophy or not, I will not, even now, pretend to decide; but it looked very like it at the time, and I fancied that I *understood* that all this was in conformity with certain high laws of nature, and recognized the fitness and propriety of the process as a *natural* one, quite as clearly as I did its delightful relief to myself individually.

Relief I certainly did feel; and this relief proportionate to the proximity of the destroying element:—the consequence of which was, that now, instead of resisting the conducting Genius, I myself pressed forward, and bent with preternatural curiosity over the blackening masses turning in the focus of the flame. If anything was wanting to assure me that a *change* had taken place, it was supplied by the apathy—was it *lighter* than apathy!—with which I received the conviction

of what these roasting substances were. Not a thrill of horror—not a spasm of disgust did I feel as I found my eye within six inches of a scorched and blackening HUMAN BODY! Yes! there it was—there they were—six of them spitted on the same dismal stake, rolling over and over slowly in the glare; and six demoniac-looking wretches—*were* they demons?—actually basting the six corpses with what seemed to be the blackest pitch that ever oozed from the accursed depths of the Dead Sea! There they were, I say, turning mournfully and monotonously round, losing, at every ladleful, more and more of the semblance of humanity, and growing more and more pitchy and diabolical; while, as arm, or leg, or head fell over, the black kitchen-stuff of this infernal *cuisine* dripped into vessels prepared with a ghostly economy to receive it! Will it be believed that, in full view of all this, I stood prepared myself to take the turn which I knew was to be mine, and was even able to watch with comparative calmness the moment when one or other of the dishes—the word is irresistibly suggested, though not the most appropriate—being declared done enough, I should be trussed, spitted, and submitted to the action of the furnace, under the correction of a similar sulphureous basting? Yet so it was—and I actually helped the cook next me to extract the stake from the body of the blackest of the martyrs, and dispose it upon a sort of bier, stretcher, or tressel, to be conveyed by a set of uncouth-looking villains through a door to the left.

Whoever has studied the physiognomy of a roasted hare may realize some conception of what must have gone through my mind during the process of cooking. I took a long time doing. The fellow who had the basting of me let me burn once or twice; besides which, the spit had not been introduced comfortably, and I scarcely felt as easy as I fancied I ought to have done under the circumstances. They had not done me justice, I thought. Nevertheless, I contrived to go round like the rest, and to imbibe a tolerable quantity of the bitumen which, by degrees, filled up all cavities, and made me at last much more like a pigskin buoy than a roasted Cockney. The last feature that remained open was my mouth, and with it I was going to remonstrate, when a ladleful, piping hot, was administered with such precision, that it

exactly filled it up to the level of the cheek, leaving the face pretty nearly an even surface, like the monkey-end of a cocoa-nut. My eyes had been burnt out and filled in some time previous; and it was during this last operation that another of those unforeseen yet intelligible changes supervened, of which I have already given an instance. The deprivation of my natural vision; and the substitution for the cornea and its humors of the asphaltic compound, wrought a change scarcely less vast in the visual powers of the spirit within me. I lost hold of my particular identity. I felt it go as a ship slips her moorings; and glided gradually into an abstraction—a cosmopolite representative of a species, under which metamorphosis I was able to take in the inner and primitive meaning of things, and to discover in every object presented to me, not only that more is meant than meets the eye, but that that “more” may generally be made pretty much what the observer chooses. How agreeable was this change! Such a vast deal of trouble saved! It was, I saw, a short-hand way to satisfactory conclusions on doubtful subjects, leaving the imagination free to take its range through the fields formerly parked and paled up for the exclusive use of Reason, where it might flash up and bring down thoughts of every wing, without so much as a game-certificate from the *ci-devant* proprietor of the manor. In my glee at the transition, I submitted without a murmur to be unbathed and hurried off on the shoulders of a gang of sulphur-smutched wretches, through the door to the left, into another apartment.

Arrived there, the scene was changed. It was silent, gloomy, and damp, the chamber in which I found myself. A musty antiquity seemed to breathe through it, as if it was charged with the air of another era. This was health and hilarity to my present abstracted spirit, which seemed to gulp the mouldy element with as congenial a relish as the homesick Swiss inhales the restoring breezes of his native hills. Into this apartment many roasted tenants of the spits had already been brought, and now enabled me to judge, by the operations they were undergoing, what was before me. A circulating process was here again the order of the day, and I was able to satisfy myself that the machinery which set the long and shining branches of the furnace-room in motion, exercised its functions here, too,

making certain frames revolve with similar velocity, and in the same horizontal direction.

These frames and their uses, I will describe more in detail by-and-by; but in the meantime a particular circumstance, by its effects on my nerves, served to convince me that I was not so completely absorbed into an adjective as to be altogether independent of the wretched piece of substantive charcoal once my body. Along the sides of this room (which was lighted from above by dim burners) were ranged rows of upright cases, which might have passed for caryatides, so regularly did they stand, and so perfectly did they resemble those archaic representatives of fallen power and conquered pride; but which I was not long in recognizing for the outer envelopes of *mummies*, not only by their actual configuration, but by the characters and symbols with which they were covered. This was nothing in itself; nor was it much, that I saw in the process going on before me the connection existing between the successive arrivals from the furnace-room and these silent receptacles; the sequence was completed in my mind without any extraordinary disturbance: nay, with something which might have been termed a morbid interest, in an archaeological point of view, in the performance. But one thing I was not able to shut my eyes to, in pitch darkness as they were. The flesh I had resigned to its fate long ago. But my *bones* I had tacitly reserved my right over. They were not in the bond. I felt that I ought to do battle for my own skeleton, against antiquity itself. And here a glance told me that *there was not a case in the room into which I could fit!* My tailor had often softened my heart into paying him an instalment of my bill, by informing me that I measured *forty-two inches* round the chest. Not one of these measured so much, even eight measure; and the process going on before me enabled me to judge how much had to be allowed for besides. That process is described in a word. Endless lengths of coarse, blay linen, let down from rollers in the ceiling, were grasped in the hands of certain personages who, as the well-tarred bodies, once again set a-turning before them, went round, strained the linen with all their might, and passed it up and down, and here and there, and over and over, until the mass took gradually a form corresponding to the inner surface of the cases ranged along the walls. Now and then one

of the party advanced and dropped a scarabæus, a bead, or some other trinket, in among the folds, which was instantly secured and concealed in the grasp of the next swathe which passed over the spot. The meaning of the whole thing was plain — *we were to be mummies!* But still, my chest bone! Was it to be broken down, like a lean turkey's? I here arrived at the climax of my humanity. I determined to *resist*, should the attempt be made, believing as I did that there was nothing in my having surrendered my skin to its basting and cooking which should prevent me from standing up for my bones, a point conceded, I knew, to the mummy even of the ibis and ape.

The Feature stood beside me.

"Am I to go into one of those cases!"

"Yes."

"How am I to be got in!"

"In the usual way."

"What is that?"

"By compression."

"What power is to be applied?"

"That" — pointing to the swathing process.

"What! bandaged down!"

"Precisely."

"How many inches do you suppose I am round the breast-bone!"

"Let me see; thirty-six, I suppose."

"It is found you never made a waistcoat. Forty-two!"

"Forty-two!"

"Forty-two."

The Thing looked aghast. It drew one of the swaddlers aside, and whispered in his ear. He stared at me with a look of astonishment, and I heard him say to another similar official —

"Forty-two inches! we are not prepared for that! — something must be done."

I could have smiled, but for the pitch, as I saw two or three of them go out hastily. By-and-by (I was let alone in the meantime) they returned, bringing in a cartonnage of more extraordinary dimensions than any I had ever seen, and placed it with a look of triumph standing up like a violoncello-case before me. I instantly stepped into it, and requested them to do me the favor to shut it up. They did so, and there was a good two inches to spare between my ribs and the pasteboard of its inside surface.

"Content!" I cried, and walked out again.

"This is, however, an anachronism," muttered the Form, as he glanced at the characters on the outside, and passed his hand along it. "We want you to be at least a thousand years older than your envelope. However, we can't help that now; we have only to omit the scarabæi, etcetera, and do you up a little looser, that's all."

I almost cracked my cheeks with the effort to laugh. As it was, I felt something ooze from my left eye. It really was too good a joke.

Palm trees — a low tent of black skins — fierce sunshine — scorching sand — a blinding dust — two camels, one lying down, close to the white bones of one of its own species, and looking patient and scriptural — two bearded and turbaned Orientals, swarthy and profound, as if the secrets of the East lay hid in the depth of their melancholy dignity — and myself, in my gigantic cartonnage, with my forty-two inches bandaged down at least three thousand years below the surface of the present, chuckling internally with pride and satisfaction at the idea that the ordinary dimensions of primitive humanity were so far exceeded in my instance, that only an odd giant or so of Memphis or Thebes could be found to supply me with my pasteboard.

Presently a small caravan drew nigh.

"A compatriot, by Osiris!" I exclaimed, as I descried an alpaca umbrella overshadowing a flaxen-haired, dreamy-looking young man, as he sat gracefully upon a hump. The Arabs bent low, the young Saxon touched his brim.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, with a sort of drowsy enthusiasm, espying me. "A relic of the ancient world! Egypt! abode of more than men! Land of mystery, wonder, the pyramids! in which mortals have lived before history, and its very dead have not died! Salam, chiefs; you've a mummy to sell. *Quel est le prix?*"

Here his dragoman interposed, and interpreted him into Oriental phraseology, making rather a free and elevated translation of the original. The Bedouins prostrated themselves, and could scarcely be induced to raise their foreheads from the dust. When they did so, they laid their bony hands upon me,

and at the same time mentioned a fabulous sum of money. It was fortunate that I was as tightly wrapped up in my antiquity as I was, or I must have burst my hieroglyphics. I never was thought worth one-tenth of the money in my life. Only think of my fetching that much in my shroud! I expected nothing less than the scornful repudiation of a bargain so absurd on the part of my countryman. My astonishment may be imagined, when I heard the Englishman say to his dragoman —

"Count out the cash to the fellows, and balance this precious relic of a primordial world, with the last one we secured, upon the back of yonder camel. We must be off; it's growing hot."

A gentle undulation — easy, yet uneasy — sweeping, swaying, swelling — too high, too low, yet all soft and hushed, as the heaving of the breast of a deep sleeper. I lay on my back, pinioned, of course, but likewise jammed close to other recumbent things — all rocking away along with myself, like the low, dim, wooden ceiling a few feet above me. Had I possessed eyes in my head, I could not have turned them round to see anything. As it was, my substituted vision had the freedom of a swivel. I perceived that we were a family party of ancient Egyptians, amongst which I was some centuries the junior; but, more than this, my glance penetrated the yarn next me, and got in through the swathings of thirty centuries to the cold-roast man inside the adjoining mummy-case. What were my feelings at finding that I knew him intimately! In fact, he and I had (in the flesh) been in the habit of frequenting the same coffee-house in town, and had actually smoked a cigar together towards dusk (not being particularly flush in wardrobe) under the Opera Colonnade, not a week previous to my — what shall I call it? mummification, I suppose. Here we were now (in the pasteboard), side by side once more, considerably reduced in the flesh, but made up in linen.

"Hallo, neighbor!"

"Hallo again; who are you?"

"Why, don't you know me?"

"What! — why — it surely can't be —"

"Yes, it is, though. And how are you, old fellow?"

"Wound up, at last."

"Well, it is trying, this sort of up-and-down work. I suppose we are at sea!"

"Yes; I take it, on our way home. How did you come out?"

"I promised not to tell. It was cruelty to animals the way we were packed."

"Made up by the gross, I suppose!"

"Ay, and stowed away in cases, as hardware."

"Birmingham goods, exactly. I was exported single."

"How so?"

"A fellow made me up as a private speculation. I came undone on board; and was near being found out, for I had been passing for plaster-of-paris, which has no bowels, you know. However, my man buttoned me together in an old pea-jacket of his own, until he got me ashore, and there the Arabs had me bandaged and dated in a twinkling."

"Are there any more of us aboard now?"

"A dozen or so. 'Sir Eothen Flimsy has five or six to his own share. The rest are for the public bodies. There, that poor fellow's sick. It's well he's tight or we might be in a bad way."

"What a glorious thing the past is!"

"What do you call the past?"

"Why, three thousand years ago."

"Bless you, that's *my* future! I shall not be down there for half a dozen centuries, or so. Read my cover, 'King Menes.'"

"I was his bee-catcher, and had a dozen of wives to help me in the swarming season."

"A-chish-o!"

"A sneeze, I vow, in the treble clef, from yonder mummy. See, a lady is in the case. Excuse us, madam, if we have been a little lax, or so."

"O, dear! they've put me in the draft of this port-hole, and I shall die of coryza! The impossibility, too, of getting one's pocket-handkerchief to one's nose!"

"Surely I ought to know that voice! Mrs. —"

"O! breathe not my name, dear sir; I should never survive the disclosure. I was pressed, and sent to sea, like an able-bodied seaman; and now return, bandaged as if I were bound for Greenwich Hospital for the rest of my life. Is there no escape from such a fate?"

"Lady!" exclaimed I, in a transport of gallantry, "I cannot, as you see, lay myself



at your feet. Nay, I am unable even to place my hand on my heart; but if devotion the most sincere, determination the most

Here a sailor sat down upon my face, and began knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the right wing of Netpé, just where the second tier of my hieroglyphics began, as if there was no such thing as antiquity at all.

To own that I blushed beneath the ignoble pressure of the sailcloth extremity of the tar, would be a weakness. Nevertheless, I *did* feel a sense of inferiority; and begun to think that a great many thousand years do not add so very much to one's dignity as some people imagine; while the want of a full use of the toe of the right foot, in a case of insult such as this, is scarcely compensated for by being cousin-german to King Shishak, and a lineal descendant of the sacred Bull. The fellow actually began to kick his heels against my ribs, to the tune of "Billy Taylor." I would have given anything for my fair companion's cold, so that I could only have sneezed. A barrel of gunpowder, I suppose, would not have done the work more effectually. He would have been blown up through the quarter-deck; and, had he come down again, would have taken care for the future how he came to an anchor on countenances of my dynasty. As it was, I had to submit, and treated the fellow's familiarities with silent contempt, feeling gratified, at least, since it was to be so (for the honor of our common nation) that it was not my female friend he had selected for his sedentary attentions.

And so we moved heavily, dreaming on, laid corpse-like in lengths together, heaving together, sinking together — luggage, freight, weighed by the ton, charged for as goods, chalked over, ticketed, corded, stowed away, creaking and groaning as we heaved, and straining with the straining timbers, damaged by bilge-water, nibbled by rats, rubbed and chafed by hard corners; in a word, left to ourselves, save when serving for cushions to the sail-cloth sterns of lubberly foremast-men, who evidently had the best of it. Thus we drove on, on, ever moveless though advancing, helpless masses, cold, damp, dead —

A lighted hall! — as eager a set of *savans* as I have seen for a long time! The whole room actually alive with curiosity. Beaks

protruding, surmounted with the flash and flicker of spectacles; parties on benches, straining their eyes with desperate eagerness towards one point; nay, in the more distant corners, pocket-glasses in requisition; grantees ushered up through the apartment to reserved seats, to have a nearer view; and a black board, and a red arm-chair, and a president in it; and a secretary, and gentlemen of the press, with flimsy paper and stumpy pencils; and science, and authority, and pomp, and vanity, and the whole parade of antiquarianism brought to bear

ON ME!

Yes; there I was, laid along majestically in the midst, pretty much like the body of Julius Cæsar; a professor, *à la Mark Antony*, mounted on a rostrum beside me, with a wand in his hand; while two acolytes stood near, each armed with weapons of gleaming significance. I WAS TO BE UNROLLED! The professor placed his wand upon my nose, and moved it down my body to my toes. The whole room was hushed. The short-hand writers booked the evolution.

"Here," said he, "here it is at last! Behold the mummy from its Memphian bed! That which hath lain silent with its secret for its cycle of centuries, in the heart of the past, unbosoms itself in your presence, and makes its confession before the assembled science of the nineteenth century!"

An astounding clatter of applause followed this burst, so loud, that my "Hear, hear!" was unheard.

"You have before you, Mr. President, a specimen of mummification, perfect in preservation, and unique in dimensions. Observe the capacity of chest! — [Forty-two inches, tailor's measure, I murmured, but without the words being caught.] Let no man say that there were not giants in those days. If we have grown in wisdom we have certainly not increased in stature, since the twentieth dynasty. Observe, sir, how carefully and accurately they set forth the titles of the deceased. Here, in this running band of hieroglyphics, any newspaper reporter (of which class I see such able representatives in the room) could read the name, family, profession, age, and period. To them I appeal to testify to the accuracy of my interpretations."

Both young men bent with double zeal over their pencils. I knew they might as

well be asked to put the thread of the professor's discourse through the eye of Cleopatra's needle.

"The object before you," he continued, "appears, from his shell, to have been huntsman to the high-priest of Isis, in the reign of King Sheshouk, of the twenty-second dynasty. You see the several symbols—the dogs and deer—the mitre and paunch—the royal emblem inclosed in a circle, as much as to say, all round my crown—and the sacred ring with wings. Here is Netpé, you see, with a slight burn on her right pinion, caused, no doubt, by the close proximity of the lamp the embalmers used in the process. This individual, therefore, may have lived—may!—nay, *must* have lived [I actually shook with laughter at the emphasis] at least three thousand years ago, when, considering his profession, he may have helped Herodotus to kill the field-mice at Pelusium; have drawn the cover for King Cambyzes, and have even whipped the hounds from before the feet of Bucephalus!"

A buzz of mingled delight and astonishment greeted this announcement, followed by cries of—"Cut him up!"—"Unbox him!"—"Unroll him!"—"Have him out!" In the midst of which, the two myrmidons set to—saw, hammer, and chisel—and had my pasteboard off in a jiffy. For a moment I felt uncertain what to do, with my linen exposed, in its not very elegant condition, and a strong *bouquet de Cleopatre* about it, to the gaze of such an assembly; but at last, feeling that a few minutes must strip me, not only of my vesture, but of my honor and dignity, and leave me no older than the spectators, I made a desperate resolve to anticipate the result, and take the matter into my own hands. I waited until they had

got the bandages a little loosed about my feet, and then, starting up with a stentorian "Now, then!" I made full drive at the assembly, who, falling back with the most frantic gestures of horror and dismay, began to tumble over each other in their endeavors to escape from the apartment. By the time the tumult was at its height, I had released my right hand; and catching a glance of my original tormentor—the *Thing*—amongst the crowd, I rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the ear, wrung it violently, exclaiming—

"Is it possible you've the face——"

"What's all this! Why, I've had a devil of a queer dream! You, my dear fellow! You, best of friends! excellent, world-famous JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY! Is it you who have been hunting and haunting me for the last six hours!"

"Me!" replied that worthy personage. "Why, my excellent friend, it is but this instant I have dropped in, and found you fast asleep in your arm-chair, with the invitation for last night's 'unrolling' clasped firmly between your fingers. You have just made a desperate effort at one of my whiskers, which I only avoided by surrendering an ear to your discretion."

"*This instant!*" Then a disputed point in the philosophy of dreams is cleared up forever! You must know, Jonathan, a long and intricate series of adventures has been suggested by your presence. This series has, therefore, passed through my mind, and impressed itself through all its successive combinations, *in a moment of time*. Dear Jonathan, how many questions more puzzling are set at rest by simply encountering a friend!"

THE VINE AT HAMPTON COURT.—Having made the following note of the vine at Hampton Court, and of its parent at Valentines, on a recent visit to them, it may be useful in your utilitarian miscellany. The vine at Hampton Court is the largest in Europe, its branches extending over a space of 2,800 feet. It was planted from a slip in the year 1768, and generally bears upwards of 2,000 bunches of grapes, of the black

Hambro' kind. The original vine from which this cutting was taken still flourishes in Essex, at the seat called Valentines, in the parish of Ilford, near Wanstead, where it was planted in 1758. In 1835 it bore 4 cwt. of grapes, and the stem girth 24 inches. In one season £300 was realized by the sale of its fruit.—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Spectator, 20 Oct.

## THE JEW-BUTCHER'S CASE.

STRANGE are the caprices which fasten odium upon particular individuals and leave the thousands or millions of others who are not distinguishable from the few free from blame. Here is Yankoff Cohen gibbeted before the public by a Royal Society for unlawfully and cruelly ill-treating and torturing a certain ox. Yankoff has done nothing more than every person of his race in his business, which is a strictly lawful business, has done from time immemorial, — a period in his case extending far beyond the epoch of Richard the Second. Yankoff is a Jewish butcher; and, errors excepted, circumstances considered, he slaughters oxen as Moses was understood to require that oxen should be slaughtered by the chosen people. Ever since the days of the Jewish lawgiver, it is supposed by that people, the solemn laws embodied in the Mishna and Gemara have pronounced it to be necessary, moral, and pious, to slaughter oxen by venesection, in order to the complete exhaustion of the blood-vessels. According to the legend, an elucidation of which is circulated by the Society prosecuting, the custom originated in the propensity of the Jews to idolatry and demon-worship; and their pre-Mosaic custom of setting apart the blood of beasts in order to appease their demons rendered it necessary for the faithful people to purify their own diet by rejecting that demoniac *bonne bouche*. Here this was a custom originating in a sense of religious purity. It has now become odious and intolerable in the eyes of a Christian Society enforcing a statute of the English Parliament; so strikingly does the standard of virtue and mercy change with the lapse of ages. But there is at all events nothing which distinguishes Yankoff Cohen from the bulk of the Jewish people, and it is a simple caprice which stigmatizes him especially.

The object of the Society seems to have been to oblige the Jews to adopt "the Christian" mode of slaughter: but when the Christian mode is explained, really it does not present that beautifully merciful aspect which we have expected. The Jewish butcher shaves the throat of the animal before he commences his phlebotomy, and the beast is some time in expiring. The Christian butcher knocks the animal down and cleaves the skull with a pole-axe, and then through the aperture he inserts a cane, which he twists about. The animal lingers under the process of venesection; but a medical man affirms that "pain is annihilated" by the blow of the pole-axe. How is this known? Has an ox ever been questioned upon the subject? There is indeed nothing more obscure than

the condition of any animal, even human beings, under violent affections of the brain which are supposed to be attended by insensibility.

But if we judge entirely by the sensations of the animals, we might find it difficult to discover any mode of slaughtering which should not be cruel. The exhibition of anaesthetics is supposed to promote the infliction of death without pain; but how does anaesthesia affect the meat? Might it not only modify the form of cruelty by inflicting it upon the consumer of the meat instead of the slaughtered animal, and adding to the chances of poisoning already created by the practice of "blowing" mutton? In fact, there seems no escape from cruelty by slaughtering, unless we resort to the vegetarian system; yet how cruel would it not be thought to enforce that diet upon any but the enthusiasts who assemble at feasts of cabbages and apples?

It is difficult to avoid cruelty, in this world, the quality is so thoroughly interwoven with the customs of society. Why is Yankoff Cohen picked out, when we scarcely look into the most peaceful home but we find cruelty in some form? If we were to render the butcher merciful, we should sometimes detect the cook playing strange antics with oels and cod; the philanthropist himself will go angling; the high-mettled racer is consigned by his kind master to the knacker's yard, to feed for the last hours of his life upon the tail of his neighbor, perhaps his rival. The cheap advertiser keeps two-legged animals in his workshop, coerced to an employment which is slow suicide, by the scourge of present starvation. Even the Ecclesiastical judges, with their highly polished intellects, penetrating into the most sacred recesses of the home, are so perplexed by the niceties of the subject, that the question which is the opprobrium of their courts is "What is cruelty?" Ask an Ecclesiastical judge whether Yankoff Cohen can be taken as a picked specimen.

Half of the cruelty lies in the animus or malignity, the other half in the wantonness of the infliction. If a man *must* do the act, and has no malice, he is not cruel, though he may be ignorant: and in truth nine-tenths of the cruelties committed are ignorance more than malice. It is poor work, dealing in detail with those who are more victims of a barbarous custom than its authors. If we want to prevent worse cruelties than those practised in the Jewish slaughter-houses, we must enlighten the understandings by education, improve the taste by training, and teach the practicability of better usages. But we shall not hasten our reforms by appealing to the police magistrate and asking

him to tear open the seed. The Jews are already a reforming people; perhaps few sections of society have done so much to come up with the spirit of the age. They are restrained, like many of us, by religious difficulties; but we shall not enable them to

surmount those difficulties if we enforce reforms in the shape of persecutions, and perpetuate the barbarisms we want to remove by constituting the instruments martyrs and enlisting the very feelings of humanity in their defence.

**THE POWER OF THE WILL TO CONTROL INSANITY.**—We have sometimes heard it questioned whether any person is perfectly sane at all times and on all subjects. Certain it is that many are literally "mad" when they become angry, and more when they are in love. Much learning maddens the few, and the want of regular mental employment deranges multitudes. Strong drink destroys the balance of the victims, of some for a time, of others permanently. Riches and poverty, joy and sorrow, politics and pleasure, religion and profanity, have all their victims. Every extreme of life has produced its candidates for the insane hospital, while a far greater portion run at large, pass through the world as sane, which they are on most subjects and at ordinary times, though really insane on one or two topics, and under certain circumstances. One hardly can tell where to draw the line, or if indeed it can be drawn; that is, if any one may be pronounced always perfectly reasonable.

In crowded cities and amid the nervous bustle of clashing interests, passions, and intellectual excitements, all men are more or less diverted from the equilibrium of a clear, correct judgment; and at certain times it becomes a part of the daily struggle and duty of life in each man to wrestle against incipient or temporary disorder of mental action in some form or other. Many do this unconsciously, others consciously, but secretly. It would be well for mankind if it were more openly recognized as a part of the wisdom and duty of all men to be on their guard against the beginnings of many peculiarities, the neglect of which may plunge them into unsoundness of mind, more or less extensive and permanent.

A few years ago, an admirable little treatise was published in London, on the power of men to control insanity by an effort of the will. It suggested the idea that the essence of virtue is to have all the powers of thought and affection under the control of a strong and vigorous will, and that will subjected supremely to a sense of duty. This alone is true sanity.

The habitual indulgence of any train of thought — i. e., the concentration of the mind upon it — invariably produces a certain increased circulation of blood in some portion of the brain, if not in the whole. Sir Astley Cooper was once trepanning the skull of a man who had met with an accident. A letter was suddenly brought in from his wife, and as he read it the increased pulsation was so perceptible that the excitement had to be stopped. Such excitement, often renewed, must and does

produce a habit of increased action and flow of blood to those parts, in other words, — more or less inflammation of the brain, sometimes temporary, sometimes chronic. Let this only go on for years, a little stronger each time, and, finally, there must be a settled disordered action of some portion of that great nervous centre — the medium through which the mind acts. And thus, at length, wherever certain associations are called up, they instantly excite into activity that chronic and deranged action to which there is a tendency.

Persons who on ordinary subjects are remarkably accurate in their observations, and sound in judgment, will, on some point and at certain times, manifest a strange and subtle erroneousness of perception or of judgment, a fatuity of purpose perfectly unaccountable.

The chief remedy lies within a man's own self. He must, at the outset, be made aware of the danger of inflammation of the brain, or any portion of it, through excessive mental action, or concentration of the mind on some one subject. Let every man look this danger fully in the face, for it is one to which all are liable, and then consider how he can best and most assuredly guard against and overcome it in his own case. A little watchfulness and experience will show any resolute man, who feels himself even on the verge of insanity, various methods of lessening cerebral excitement occasioned by the recurrence of any subject or class of subjects; methods that cannot be applied by anything but his own firm will.

Besides the consciousness of danger from over excitement of the brain, let there be also a remembrance that nearly all are more or less injured by it at some period of their lives, and on some subjects to which their thoughts are most addicted. Let each then struggle against it, conscious that where understood by the individual himself, in its early stages, there will be hardly a single failure of success.

The chief difficulty, however, is to set before the mind itself a motive sufficiently strong to induce this constant self-control, since the disease consists chiefly in a fascination of the imagination by the objects to be guarded against. For this purpose, a supreme sense of duty to a man's own self, to his family, to his Maker, can alone suffice. Indeed, the lack of this supreme sense of responsibility controlling all the powers must be regarded as always an incipient derangement, i. e., an abnormal condition, of mind leading to all other follies, and itself the chief insanity of all. — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



From the Athenæum.

*Report of the Commissioners for the Investigation of alleged Cases of Torture, in the Madras Presidency. Submitted to the Right Hon. the Governor in Council of Fort St. George, on the 16th of April, 1855. With Appendices. Madras, printed at the Fort St. George Gazette Press.*

In the pride and excitement of conquest, or the enjoyment of its more substantial fruits, nations are but too apt to overlook the obligations which it imposes. It is viewed in a purely material light. The nation looks with easy complacency on the new province to which its arms have been carried, and balances in the public ledger the cost of the war with the advantages which it seems to have secured. *Te Deums* are sung, illuminations are ordered, salutes are fired, the nine-days' wonder passes, and men sit down once more in the old routine, unreflecting, uninquiring, unconscious of any new relation induced by the great events which they have just been celebrating. Nevertheless, there is no more certain principle of public morality than that conquest not only does not extinguish right, but that it even creates new and well-defined obligations. The new ruler succeeds not alone to the authority, but also to the duties, of him whom he has displaced.

How little we have thought in England, while we have been adding million after million to the overgrown population, and province after province to the unwieldy bulk, of our Eastern Empire, of the fearful responsibilities which we have thus been heaping up for ourselves, the startling Report just issued from the Government Press at Madras is, we fear, but one of many evidences.

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons during the session before last on the state of the Madras Presidency, it was alleged by several Members that, in the collection of the land-tax (which in that Presidency was described as excessive), it was the ordinary practice of the native officials to resort to torture, and torture of a most disgraceful and revolting description. This allegation was received with professions of amazement and incredulity by the Home Government, and the President of the Board of Control only abstained from giving it a positive denial because "he had then heard it for the first time." He undertook, nevertheless, that inquiry should be instituted; — and the volume now before us is the result.

Now, notwithstanding the painful surprise which the charge created when brought forward in Parliament, we regret to say that it is by no means a novel one. Many writers on India, as Mill, Norton, Shore, and others, have alluded to it. The *Calcutta Review* has discussed it more than once; and, above all, it has formed the subject of repeated Minutes, Orders in Council, and other official papers during the last fifty years; and it speaks little for the efficiency of our Indian Government, that not only the home officials, but even the Governor of the Madras Presidency himself (as appears from the very Minute in which the inquiry was ordered), should have been ignorant of what is now proved to have been a matter of frequent occurrence throughout the entire Presidency. It is satisfactory to think, however, that the inquiry, when it was at last ordered, appears to have been as far as it went a very honest and searching one, and to have afforded a fair opportunity of testing the statements made in Parliament, at least in all their substantial particulars. Three gentlemen of undoubted ability and integrity were appointed as Commissioners; returns were ordered from all the officers of the civil and criminal departments; ample publicity was given to the nature, objects, and powers of the Commission by means of notifications in all the various languages of the Presidency, which were circulated extensively through each locality; and all complaints, whether written or verbal, which were preferred before the Commissioners, were carefully and impartially sifted in an open court held at Madras. Much more, no doubt, might have been done by carrying the inquiry into the various localities instead of holding the court exclusively at Madras; but enough has transpired to reveal a state of things which must fill every right-minded Englishman with shame, and we may almost add remorse, and which calls from the Commissioners themselves "a sweeping declaration of their belief in the general existence of torture for revenue purposes" throughout the Presidency of Madras.

Many of the details revealed in the course of the inquiry are too disgusting to be alluded to; but it is a duty to our fellow-subjects in India, and indeed to humanity itself, to present, at least in summary, the leading results of this remarkable inquisition, as they are embodied in the careful and candid Report of the Commissioners.

The notification of the intended sittings of the Commission called out no less than 519 personal complaints (in some of which the complainants were obliged to travel 300, 400, and in one case 1,000 miles), and 1,440 letters. A considerable proportion of both classes of complaints were, as might naturally be expected, irrelevant—some of them ludicrously so—to the real objects of the Commission; but above 300 of the personal charges, and a much larger number of the inculpatory letters, were found to contain grave matter for investigation.

The report of the Commission, however, is not founded exclusively on these complaints. The Commissioners applied themselves to six different sources of information:—to the Minutes or other official records of former proceedings bearing upon the question; to the returns made by the collectors and other civil officers by order of the Government; to the testimony of disinterested eye-witnesses of the practice of torture; to the evidence of the actual sufferers themselves; to the confessions and admissions voluntarily made by the native officials under a promise of impunity; and lastly, to the criminal calendars containing records of cases in which the alleged use of torture had been made the subject of judicial investigation. From a consideration of the whole of these, the Commissioners "have been necessitated to come to the only conclusion which they believe any impartial minds could arrive at,—namely, that personal violence, practised by the Native Revenue and Police Officials, generally prevails throughout the Presidency, both in the collection of revenue and in police cases," although they are bound to state their opinion that "the practice has of late years been steadily decreasing, both in severity and extent."

A very nice distinction has been taken by some of the officials, in their returns furnished by order of the Government. They admit the use of "personal violence," but object to allow its being called "torture." Let the reader judge for himself the value of this reservation, when he shall have read the Commissioners' enumeration of the various forms of "personal violence" which have come before them in the course of their inquiry. The descriptions of violence commonly used in the collection of revenue (suppressing some which are too indecent for publication) are, "keeping a man in the *gan*; preventing his going

to meals, or other calls of nature; preventing cattle from going to pasture by shutting them up in the house; quartering a peon (policeman) on the defaulter, who is obliged to pay him his daily wages; the use of the *Kittie*; *Anundal*; squeezing the crossed fingers with the hands; pinches on the thighs; slaps; blows with the fist or whip; running up and down; twisting the ears; making a man sit on the soles of his feet with brickbats behind his knees; striking two defaulters' heads against each other, or tying them together by their back hair; placing in the stocks; tying the hair of the head to a donkey's or buffalo's tail; placing a necklace of bones or other degrading or disgusting materials round the neck; and occasionally, though very rarely, more severe discipline still."

The *Kittie*, which is one of the devices named above, is an instrument "consisting of two sticks tied together at one end, between which the fingers are placed, as in a lemon-squeezer;" and, as the use of this instrument was denied by some of the witnesses, the Commissioners add, that, even when the *Kittie*, properly so called, is not employed, an equal amount of bodily pain must be produced by the practice which sometimes supersedes it—of "compelling a man to interlace his fingers, the ends being squeezed by the hands of peons, who occasionally introduce the use of sand to gain a firmer gripe; or making a man place his hand flat upon the ground, and then pressing downward, at either end, a stick placed horizontally over the back of the sufferer's fingers."

The *Anundal* is a still more characteristic form of torture, though it varies very much in its details. It consists in tying a man down in a bent position, either with his own cloth or by a rope passed over his head and under his toes, with the ingenious addition of a heavy stone laid on his back, varied occasionally by the peons sitting astride upon him! Sometimes, moreover, the unhappy victim is compelled, in this position, to stand upon one leg, "the other being held up from the ground by means of a string passing round the neck, and fastened to the great toe." Mr. Simpson, a merchant of Tripasoor, saw at least a dozen ryots (cultivators) undergoing this ordeal together, under the meridian sun, in the hottest season of the year, at Burdwall, in the Cuddapah district. So late as May, 1853, Mr. Willey, assistant overseer of

the Godavery division, saw a man, at Kankaranporoo, "tied in a sitting posture, with a stone in each of his hands, the palms upwards, in a line with his shoulder." Another unfortunate wretch, by an ingenious combination of both forms of torture, was placed in the sun, with a *kittee* applied to his hands, and his head tied down to his feet, for four Indian hours! Another, placed similarly in the sun, had his head tied down, was beaten with a whip, his thighs pinched, seemingly with a *kittee*, stones being put in to make the pain more excruciating. Others are kept in this stooping posture, by the peons holding their heads down by the hair, while a peon sits astride upon their back. Others are lifted off the ground, and held aloft by the ears, by the mustache, or by the hair. Others are forced to run up and down in the sun till their strength is utterly exhausted. Sometimes a biting insect (as the carpenter beetle) is confined in a cocoa-shell, and applied to a sensitive part of the person;—sometimes the arms or thighs are seared with a hot iron;—sometimes a coir rope is twisted tightly about the arm or leg, and then *wetted with cold water, so as to contract to a degree, utterly beyond endurance!*

Of the use of all these forms of torture in connection with the collection of the land-tax or of some of the corrupt and illegal demands of the collectors themselves, the evidence laid before the Commission, and submitted in the Appendix of its Report, furnishes the most painfully convincing proofs. It is not alleged that such practices are ever resorted to by the European officials, or employed by their direction, or with their sanction, or even with their knowledge. On the contrary, all approach to such practices is prohibited by law, and is punishable as a criminal offence. But there exists a feeling deeply rooted, and, it may be feared, but too strongly borne out by experience, that, even whilst reprobation of such practices forms a leading principle of official discipline, it is, nevertheless, practically *impossible to hope for redress in case of its infringement.* The Commissioners themselves, in the conclusion of the examination of the criminal records of all the cases in which such complaints have been brought to trial, declare that they are "far from being convinced that the result of these trials has been in accordance with the truth"; and, even if it were so, they regard the punish-

ment, in case of conviction, as infinitely out of proportion with the moral magnitude of the offence. And what is far more effectual in preventing all chance of redress, this conviction is so strongly impressed on the minds of the wretched victims themselves, that hardly any one will venture on the all-but hopeless experiment of a complaint, especially with the certainty that the attempt to seek redress at the hands of the Europeans will be sure to make him a marked man among the native officials.

Strange as it may appear that such practices on the part of the native officials could be concealed from their European superiors, the Commissioners entertain no doubt of the fact; and, indeed, some of the modes of applying torture, so as to avoid detection by the discovery of its traces upon the person, are too shockingly indecent to admit of even an allusion to their nature. The great source of impunity for the officials, however, lies in the degraded and prostrate condition of the natives,—too feeble to use even the energy of complaint.

Nevertheless, of the existence and the prevalence of these hateful practices no possible doubt can henceforth be entertained. Positively as it was discredited by the home officials, and even by the supreme Governor of the Presidency himself, some of the officers appealed to for returns express their astonishment that its prevalence should ever have been called in question. Three native collectors of revenue, J. D. Bourdillon, collector of Arcot, A. Tirvenkatacharry, Head Sheristadar at Madras, and a third, whose name is not made public, avow, without hesitation, on their own part and that of their fellows, the frequency of the practice, which they evidently regarded as a part of the every-day routine of office. Instances are cited in the Appendix of criminal returns, in which prisoners convicted in court claimed an exemption from punishment on the ground that "every one did the same." European officers, missionaries, surgeons, speak to the facts which they themselves witnessed.

But by far the most painful evidence of the existence of the practice, and of the hopelessness of redress from the European officials, is to be found in the simple narrative of their wrongs contained in the numerous complaints of the native sufferers embodied in the Appendix to the Report:—complaints

of actual torture inflicted upon them, for the purpose either of compelling payment of the land-tax or of extorting consent to the yearly assessment, or, in very many instances, of enforcing the illegal and corrupt demands of the officials themselves, whether of money payments or of still more revolting compliances. To these narratives we consider it a duty to call the attention of all who feel concerned for British honor. The existence under British rule of such a system as they reveal, is a blot upon the national character. A few specimens must suffice.

In the month of April, 1854, Kistna Pillay, from whom a balance of 5 rupees (10s.) was claimed, and who refused to pay, because he alleged that he had already paid the entire land-tax of the year, was put in *anundal* (the torture already described) with his own cloth, his thighs beaten, and his fingers tortured with the *kittee*. — Soobooroya Pillay, who owed a balance of 15 rupees (30s.) out of his year's land-tax of 240 rupees (24l.) was tied in a stooping position, beaten with a whip, and pinched in the thighs. — Naugun Chalooovun, for refusing to pay an illegal claim of *ten annas* (*fifteen pence*), was placed in the sun, with his head tied down to his feet, a stone being laid on his back, and the *kittee* applied to his fingers. — Vyapoory Goundon, because he resisted a similar illegal claim of 10 rupees, was lifted from the ground by the ears, and threatened with deprivation of his land. — Paraseorama Gramy was subjected to *anundal* for three days, and detained a prisoner for forty-five. — Thumbbee Moodely, a lad of eighteen and the son of a widow, was, for a balance of land-tax of 15 rupees, tortured with the *kittee*, and received a dozen lashes. — Caulathees Moodely, although he had paid his own tax, was beaten by the peons till he paid the tax due by one of his neighbors. Other villagers, for refusing to sell their land to a European, were tied with ropes, in a bent posture, with a large stone (some of the witnesses say that these stones weigh 12 or 14 lbs.) laid on their backs for four hours; the torture being repeated four several times. In another case the same torture was applied to the whole body of the villagers for three months, in

order to enforce payment of the tax, from which they claimed exemption on account of the failure of their crops; and in these cases, even the women were subjected to ill-treatment, being beaten and tortured by the *application of the kittee to their breasts*. A young widow, named Baulambal, who had resisted the brutal solicitations of one of the officials, was soon afterwards arrested on a charge of theft, and an attempt was made to force a confession from her. On her protesting her innocence, she was dragged by the hair into a room, and her arms being tied together, she was suspended by a rope passed under them, and the *kittee* applied to both her breasts (a cloth being stuffed into her mouth to drown her cries) until she fainted!

In most of these cases we find the painful confession: "We did not complain. What is the use of a poor man like me complaining to the gentlemen? Who will hear us? It is not usual to complain in such cases, for who will hear?"

In the atrocious case last cited, though the marks of violence still remained on the poor woman's person, and were examined by an English surgeon, the charge was dismissed, the chief offender being a "respectable person"!

We may add, that the complaints from which the above are but a specimen fill nearly 200 pages of the Appendix. We trust that the publication of these facts will render it impossible to delay longer the thorough reform of a system under which such revolting practices could be tolerated for a day. It is idle to speak of petty details of remedial legislation. There must be a sweeping reform of the scheme of revenue in which these evils originate, and of the system of administration under which it is collected. Nor can we accept the plea which is put forward on behalf of the higher authorities, that these practices have been carried on without their knowledge and against their will. Such a plea may possibly exempt individuals from actual criminality. But, on the part of a great Government it is highly discreditable. It amounts, in fact, to one or other of two almost equally dishonoring avowals: — the avowal of connivance or of incompetency.



## LEVAVI OCULOS.

I CRIED to God, in trouble for my sin;  
To the great God who dwelleth in the deeps.  
The deeps return not any voice or sign.

But with my soul I know thee, O Great God;  
The soul thou givest knoweth thee, Great God;  
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin,  
Joy-scented Peace is trampled under foot,  
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

Sin is establish'd subtly in the heart  
As a disease; like a magician foul  
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,  
Purge it of evil: there's no other way  
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;  
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace,  
And music floweth from the various world.

The Lord is great and good, and is our God.  
There needeth not a word but only these;  
Our God is good, our God is great. 'T is well.

All things are ever God's; the shows of things  
Are of men's fantasy, and warp'd with sin;  
God, and the things of God, immutable.

O great good God, my pray'r is to neglect  
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself  
To thy unfenced, unbounded warmth and light!

Then were all shows of things a part of truth:  
Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,  
Residing in the house of perfect peace.

—*Allingham's Day and Night Songs.*

From the *Little Pilgrim*, a Monthly Magazine for the  
Young, edited and published by Grace Greenwood (Mrs.  
Lippincott), Philadelphia.

## THE ROPE-WALK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so thin,  
Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirling of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Gleam the long threads in the sun;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass;

Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms,  
Drawing water from a well;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and round,  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again in swift retreat  
Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah, it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look—  
Steeds pursued through lane and field—  
Fowls with their snares concealed,  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And with lessening line and lead  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheels go round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

## ON BOOKS.

THE man that hath a library's full store  
Hath much of riches in a little space;  
The mind's rich tilth of those who went before,  
Compressed to essence for the reader's grace.  
All that was good in Plato lives again,  
And fructifies to-day, as Greece of yore,  
Homer, nor Virgil, wrote no word in vain,  
The brain's wise word to studious brain is lore.  
No drop of well script wisdom ever dies,  
The salt of wit is like the briny sea,  
From part to part the quickening savor flies,  
Till not a drop unsalted found may be.

A book's the precious relic of the mind,  
A student's legacy to all mankind.

—*Sonnets by Burghley.*

From The Athenæum.

*Miscellanies: Prose and Verse.* By W. M. Thackeray. Vol. I. Bradbury & Evans.

It is not our present purpose to enter critically into an examination of these "Miscellanies." Something has to be said about Mr. Thackeray—something in the way of analysis and appreciation—which has not yet been said, so far as we know. Republication of a series of separate works like these now undertaken, invites to the expression of opinion; and when the series is somewhat further advanced, we shall probably devote an article to Mr. Thackeray. At present, we confine ourselves to an announcement of this welcome collection of verse and prose, and to an illustration of the quality of the lesser works by means of a few extracts.

All these writings, we infer, have appeared elsewhere—in magazines or reviews, and in the congenial columns of *Punch*. But we are not always sure of our mark. Why is it not declared in note or preface when and where such and such pieces were produced? In some cases, indeed, more than this record is needed. Much of Mr. Thackeray's poetry—and all the best of it—is fugitive in interest. It had its origin in police cases, in newspaper gossip, in anecdotes of the day; and although it dealt with these ephemera after a new and most merry fashion, it threw its mantle of squib, allusion, pun, and fancy over mean and perishable forms. Who remembers now the tale of "Jane Roney and Mary Brown"? Of the multitudes who laughed over the doleful "Ballad of Eliza Davis," when it first appeared in *Punch*, how many can recall the case at the Clerkenwell Police Court? A few lines, added as a foot-note, would have told the story, and placed the reader in the position to understand and enjoy the witty words and humorous allusions of the ballad-singer.

We quote a ballad from the collection. It is autobiographical; and is entitled—

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENNE.

LILLE, Sept. 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I.

With twenty pounds but three weeks since  
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,—  
I thought myself as rich a prince  
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—  
In troth, I was a happy chiel!  
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,  
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds  
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;  
I gayly passed the Belgic bounds  
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,  
And as I took my evening meal,  
I felt my pouch,—my purse was lost,  
O Heaven! why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,  
To grandmamma I made appeal;  
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten  
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma  
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel);  
But where I went, and what I saw,  
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,  
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,  
Besides, I left my watch at home,  
How could I pawn it then at Lille?

"La note," at times the guests will say,  
I turn as white as cold boiled veal;  
I turn and look another way,  
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,  
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"  
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,  
And so he serves me every day  
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face  
I blush as red as cochineal;  
I think, did he but know my case,  
How changed he 'd be, my host of Lille!

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,  
I perspire from head to heel;  
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,  
How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot  
By cafés where in beer they deal;  
I think how pleasant were a pot,  
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,  
All girt around with guard and grille?

O! gracious gods, it makes me sick,  
It is the prison-house of Lille!

O cursed prison, strong and barred,  
It does my very blood congeal;  
I tremble as I pass the guard,  
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,  
I turn away at his appeal:  
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!  
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

## IV.

SAY, shall I to yon Flemish church,  
And at a Popish altar kneel?  
O do not leave me in the lurch,—  
I'll cry, ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,  
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,  
Look kindly down! before you stoop  
The miserabest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe  
A pictured saint (I swear 't is real)  
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma!—  
It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,  
Although I could not pay my meal:  
I hasten back into the street  
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand, —  
A letter with a well-known seal?  
'T is grandmamma's! I know her hand, —  
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,  
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!  
It is — it is — a ten-pound note,  
And I'm no more in pawn in Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

Such a quotation should send many a reader in search of the volume whence it is drawn. Altogether, we may say, without forestalling the critical interest of such article as we propose to devote ere long to the consideration of Mr. Thackeray's place in the hierarchy of contemporary literature, that this reprint of "Miscellanies" is a good service done to the general public. Few books of this season are so sure of a wide and welcome acceptance.

WASHINGTON, MEDAL OR COIN OF. — I have a gold coin in my possession, a rough sketch of which I inclose; and which, although much worn, is still of the full value of the American eagle, namely, ten dollars. On inquiring at the United States' mint in Philadelphia, a few years since, I found that, in the collection there of specimens of all the federal coins, none like this existed. It attracted much curiosity; but nothing of its history could be learned. A very intelligent officer of the institution informed me, that he conjectured it was stamped in Birmingham. The name of Washington, President, appearing upon it, renders it an object of greater interest; as it is generally understood, and believed, that while that distinguished man was President of the United States, learning that a coinage was about to be stamped at the mint, bearing his effigy, he immediately arrested the proceeding. A few copper coins had however been struck, which were never issued; and I believe are still preserved in the collection to which I have above referred. No gold or silver coin of the same stamp was ever struck in the United States of America. The coin in my possession was evidently intended for circulation. Its style of execution is rather rough, and the

motto upon the scroll in the eagle's beak, "Unum e pluribus," is not correct; that upon the federal money having been, "E pluribus unum." If you can, through any of your readers, afford me any information touching the subject of my inquiry, you will greatly oblige

G. A. MYERS.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA (U. S. A.).

[This American piece was struck at Birmingham by Hancock, an engraver of dies of considerable talent. Of these pieces there are several varieties: one, without date on the obverse; on reverse, American eagle, shield on breast, olive branch in one claw, arrows in the other; above, stars, cloud, and "ONE CENT;" edge, "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;" below, "1791." Another, date under head, "1791;" reverse, eagle as above, but larger; in beak a scroll, "UNUM E PLURIBUS;" above, "ONE CENT;" no stars, cloud, or date. Another, profile of Washington to the right, fillet round the head, no dress; legend as above; date "1792;" reverse, eagle with shield, olive and arrows; above, "CENT." Edges of all the same. These are all of copper, and were said to have been patterns for an intended coinage, but not approved.] — *Notes and Queries*.

From The Economist, 17 Nov.

## FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

NO. I.

## HAVE WE A FOREIGN POLICY?

THE interest which the English people have taken in the foreign policy pursued by the nation has always been fitful and irregular, subject to long intervals of slumber, broken by transient and stormy awakenings. In their moods of anger or ambition, they have clamored for war; in their moods of weariness or reaction, they have clamored for peace; but in either case without any fixed principle or any consistent line of action. When excited by a supposed insult, or fired by the prospect of some imaginary glory, they have often exercised a vehement, and generally a mischievous, pressure upon the Government; but in ordinary times they have been content to allow their Foreign Minister to pursue his own unquestioned way, rewarding him by popularity or punishing him with obloquy, not according to his merits, but according to his fortune. When he dragged them into hostilities, they decreed him an ovation if the war was glorious, and drove him from power and murmured threats of impeachment if it was costly and fruitless; but of the proceedings which led to the quarrel they were commonly both ignorant and careless, and over the mode in which it was conducted, and the treaties by which it was terminated, they exercised no vigilance, and scarcely even a nominal supervision.

This description has been especially applicable during the last forty years. The war with Napoleon was one at once for safety and for supremacy: often our empire, and at one moment our independence, seemed at stake. The mighty struggle aroused all the energies of the nation; with a patience and courage which had in it something singularly noble, they made the most gigantic exertions, and submitted to the heaviest sacrifices; and their efforts were never more strenuous, nor their resolution ever more stubborn and immovable, than when fortune was most hostile, and prospects most doubtful and most gloomy. Internal disputes lay in abeyance; domestic interests were neglected or put aside; domestic reforms were postponed to a more convenient season, and domestic reformers scouted as unpatriotic bores; any abuse was endured, and any demand on the part of the Government was granted; the one question overshadowed and excluded all others, and home concerns were entirely sacrificed to foreign considerations. The papers teemed with account of battles and sieges, the movements of regiments and ships constituted the news

most eagerly sought for, and the *London Gazette* was the popular literature of the day. After a terrible conflict we came off conquerors, and the people instantly fell asleep to all foreign questions. While the trumpet which announced their crowning and conclusive victory was yet ringing in their ears, they turned aside from the division of the spoil, devoted themselves to healing their wounds, paying their bills, examining their family affairs, which had gone into dreadful disarray, and inquiring into the abuses which had been accumulating during five and twenty years of strife; and left their Foreign Minister, uncontrolled and unwatched, to treat and negotiate "at his own sweet will," to throw away some of the most precious fruits of victory, to join our allies in trampling upon right and justice, nationality and freedom, and to sacrifice, by the mode in which he administered our triumph, the lofty character which we had earned in achieving it. Had the English nation shown half the vigilance, half the courage, half the virtue, half the sense, in negotiating that it had shown in fighting—or rather had John Bull instead of Lord Castlereagh been our representative at the Congress of Vienna, the settlement of Europe then effected would probably have been based upon far sounder principles, and destined to a far longer and more beneficent duration.

From that date till the great convulsion of 1848—save for a brief interval in 1830—the national interest in foreign politics slept in profound repose. The expulsion of Charles X. from the throne of France, and the events which that movement entailed or suggested, aroused us for a moment; but the struggle for our own Reform Bill soon absorbed all our thoughts, and threw every other subject into the shade. That great change inaugurated a long series of changes; improvements, amounting to revolutions, were effected, one after another, in all branches of domestic policy, and all our interest, as all our energy, was concentrated at home. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs had an easy time of it; provided he got us into no scrape, did not disturb our peace, or distract our attention, the country let him have absolutely his own way; those who criticized his proceedings in Parliament spoke to empty benches, and a few important debates that took place on our external relations left on the public mind an impression that the Minister understood his business incomparably better than his assailants, while the nation at large had actually no perception of what the principle of his policy was, or whether it was leading us. Our secret unconscious feeling was a queer compound of modesty and laziness; we were



aware that we were not masters of the subject, and we supposed that Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen were; and, absorbed in business, in pleasure, or in progress, we were satisfied to leave our constitution in the hands of our regular physician, taking no cognizance of our symptoms ourselves, and treating as interested quacks all who endeavored to persuade us that we were insensibly going to the dogs.

The astounding political earthquake of 1848 aroused us rudely from our lethargy, but found us unprepared for, and therefore unequal to, the crisis. Sound to the very core at home—safe in a harbor of freedom, loyalty, and justice, which a generation had been spent in fortifying and enlarging—anchored, so far as regarded our internal concerns, to moorings so steadfast that we might securely ride out any storm, we were yet, in all that regarded our foreign policy, utterly at sea, drifting along in the tempest without compass and without chart. We had steersmen, but no principles to steer by. We had old traditions, but no living creed. The ancient ideas and formulas had lost their vitality and their hold upon the nation's faith, and no new ones had yet risen up to take their place. What principles we had were either in a moribund or an inchoate state. Different statesmen had different notions as to what ought to be done in this or that individual conjuncture, but these notions varied with the occasion, and the special political combination of the time; they were based upon no deep conviction, upon no long-cherished aim; they were for the most part a strange chaos of the imperfect old and the imperfect new. The truth is, that during the long and instructive interval which had elapsed since the last war, thoughtful minds had been at work, and powerful pens had been busy, and eloquent voices had been active and persuasive; the lessons, sanguinary and dearly bought, of that fearful time, had been studied and turned to profit; a mine of new wisdom had been opened, but not worked out; the former doctrines had been thoroughly shaken, but their successors had not yet earned either full currency or general reception. The progress of liberal opinions at home had wrought a great, though insensible, change in our notions of the policy to be pursued in our international relations; but this change had not yet been wrought into a system, or even assumed an avowed form. The nation was much in the same condition as a politician whose views have been gradually diverging from those of the colleagues with whom he acts, but are still in a transition state, when some question suddenly arises which compels

him to decide for one side or the other, and puts his immature opinions to a cruel test.

Then the state of Europe had changed. The old rules were no longer applicable. The old relations had been wonderfully metamorphosed. New sympathies and antipathies had arisen, often more powerful than the old ones. Our "natural enemy" had become in one sense our inevitable friend. The nation we had combated as a despotic empire had been transmuted into a constitutional state with a real Parliament and a free press. The nation which had been our fast ally in the Napoleonic wars held principles and carried out practices of policy, both external and domestic, which revolted every sentiment of justice and humanity dear to English hearts. The instinctive sympathies of peoples had begun to interfere with and override the old rivalries and animosities of Courts. Thus it came about that not only had the notions of the various statesmen and parties in England on foreign policy undergone a considerable, though an incomplete, change, but these notions had come to be so utterly confused and discrepant that the nation could not be said to have any foreign policy at all. The Old Tories, it is true, no longer maintained the propriety of interference in the internal disputes and struggles of other countries; but in all conflicts between the subjects and the Sovereigns they gave their sympathy and countenance—silent but expressive—to the side of despotism. The Old Whigs, on the other hand, while scrupulously observant of diplomatic decorums, looked with interest and favor upon the endeavors of the people to obtain an extension of civil rights, as long as they kept clear of insurrection, and marched in the regular ruts of constitutional encroachment. But when revolution became the order of the day, they, like their rivals, shrunk back aghast; oceans of such stormy fierceness they had no charts to steer through—chaos of that depth they had no plummets to fathom or to sound. Still, both parties might have carried on a not wholly inconsistent, though inactive, inglorious, and unserviceable policy, by keeping as aloof as possible from the elemental strife—the Tories muttering a timid "O fie" to the barbarities of despotism, the Whigs shaking their heads and looking grave over the excesses of insurgents; but for the clearer, louder voice of a third section, that of the more advanced Liberals, who proclaim their unhesitating sympathy with those in every land who strive and suffer for liberty and justice—who hold that a large indulgence should be extended to the follies and the crimes of men whose cause is good and whose wrongs are great; and who

preach that England has no more sacred duty and no higher mission than to aid with her whole strength in the overthrow of those "powers unblest,"

"Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,  
Where'er they trampled, freedom died."

Lastly comes another party—strong in the narrow clearness of their formula—strong in the shallow intelligibility of their economy—strong in the intense unblushing selfishness of the doctrine they propound—who insist that our conduct ought to be as insular as our position; that our wealth, our power, our security, are all so many advantages given us in order that we may hold ourselves aloof from the rest of the human family, watch their strifes and fates with a coldly vigilant eye, and be ever ready to profit by their reciprocal follies—to make our golden harvest with supreme indifference alike out of the ruin of the just and the triumph of the oppressor. "It is idle," say these politicians, "to argue on questions of foreign policy; our clear course should be to have no foreign policy at all."

It is obvious enough that, out of these conflicting notions and predilections, no policy deserving the name of "national" can be deduced, save by the decisive supremacy of one element, or by an harmonious blending of them all. Floating as they now are—co-existent, but unreconciled—both in our legislative and executive atmosphere, they can only produce (as they have produced, to our damage and our shame) vacillating language, uncertain and therefore ineffective action, impaired influence and reputation, perplexity to others, and discredit to ourselves. Of all these evil effects we have seen instances enough since 1848. We are not now finding fault, especially, with any statesman or any party. It would be uncandid to criticize the past with the light which the future has thrown over it. It would be ungenerous and unfair to lay upon individuals the blame which should be borne by the very fact we are endeavoring to expound, viz., the non-existence of any national foreign policy. But who can avoid tracing our present position, with all its costly paraphernalia and its questionable issue, to the want of a clear principle and a decisive action in 1848 and 1849? Who can help a sentiment of deep regret that, before the Italian questions arose, we had not decisively resolved what attitude Great Britain should assume—what result she should aim at and insist upon, and what length she was prepared to go with regard to the settlement of the various contests imminent in that peninsula between monarchs haggling for their existence, and peoples struggling to consolidate their

freedom? Who does not feel how different are the feelings with which England would have been regarded, both by patriots and by Sovereigns, if her wishes had been more clear and consistent, and if those wishes, instead of being merely manifested, had either been altogether suppressed or been carried out into vigorous action—if, in a word, our wish had been developed into a *will*? And who will deny that the cause of this unhappy indecision lay in the fact that *as a nation* we had no opinion, determination, or policy in the matter? And what could show more signally how completely in all those memorable years we were without a *national will* than the circumstance that, while our lower classes were lynching Haynau, and our middle classes were welcoming Kossuth with an ovation such as never before greeted any foreigner or any citizen, and such as threw even our most earnest demonstrations of loyalty to our Queen into the shade—our country was in formal alliance and avowed amity with Austria, and our statesmen, even our liberal statesmen, had permitted, connived at, sanctioned the suppression of Hungarian independence, the violation of an ancient and solemnly guaranteed constitution, and the intervention, for the purpose of consummating this enormous wrong, of that systematic, avowed, colossal enemy of all popular rights, whose *second* step in crime we are now in arms to combat, because we unwisely and unrighteously allowed the *first*.

The crisis of the middle of the 19th century, then, which had long been preparing its approaches, surprised England without a foreign policy. She found herself in the midst of the battle without having decided on her object, and without having arranged her plans. She has her creed, her principles, her systematic line of action still to consider and adopt. As individuals, we have all of us our notions, our predilections, our desires; but we are agreed upon no consistent and intelligible course. We have, fermenting among us, the elements of a faith and a policy; but these elements have not yet assumed a solid shape. We have not yet made up our minds whether we shall fight for principles or merely for interests—whether we shall maintain our continental alliances, or shake ourselves free from them as soon as we can do so with honor—whether we shall content ourselves with merely meeting and staving off the difficulties of the day, or take advantage of the contingencies which may arise, and which now seem imminent, to remodel the political arrangements of Europe, so as to lay these difficulties at rest forever—whether, finally, in the great struggle which has been begun, and which is ever openly or

subterraneously going on, between despotic pretensions and popular rights, we shall hold aloof altogether from the strife; or shall give only barren wishes and sickly smiles to the good cause; or shall support the wrong for fear lest the right should triumph too fiercely, too completely, and too widely; or shall throw our whole strength manfully and hopefully into the scale of justice, and use it first to secure, and afterwards to moderate, to hallow, and to utilize the victory.

From The Economist, 24 Nov.

NO. II.

#### COULD WE TO HAVE A FOREIGN POLICY?

WE have seen that England, as a nation, is without a foreign policy; that the rules and axioms, the sympathies and antipathies which decided the conduct of our fathers have no longer a firm and undisputed hold upon their children; that though many new ones have been broached, and have acquired some currency and strength, none have as yet obtained general acceptance; that, in fine, in all that regards our international relations, we are in a state of perilous interregnum—without an established creed, and without a settled line of action. - We have no clear perception either of the great objects at which we ought to aim, or of the price we ought to be willing to pay for those objects, or of the system of proceedings by which we should endeavor to secure them. We propose in these papers to contribute such assistance as we may towards supplying this great desideratum; but before attempting to lay down the principles of our future foreign policy, we have to meet *in limine* the doctrine of that school which maintains that we ought not to have a foreign policy at all.

It is true the disciples of this school are not as yet very numerous, nor are their doctrines at present very popular; but it would be as unwise to ignore them as it is impossible to despise them, since, though we hold their views to be narrow and their standard of public morals to be low, their energy and sincerity are beyond question, and they appeal to three deeply-rooted sentiments in the national mind, all of which we share in reasonable measure, viz., love of wealth, love of peace, and a painful consciousness that a great proportion of our past international history is little else than a record of signal follies and stupendous wrongs. The politicians of whom we are speaking teach that we should adopt the maxim which Washington left as his parting legacy to his countrymen—"To have no relations with other countries except commercial ones;" that we should abstain from all foreign alliances or

engagements, and stand apart in practical if not in actual indifference to the aspirations, the struggles, the vicissitudes of our neighbors; that whatever may be our private sentiments, and whatever opinions we may pronounce at home, we are to show no *active* preference for justice, no *active* detestation of oppression in foreign lands; that we are to manifest no sympathy by deeds with patriots struggling for the civil freedom which we won with our best blood two centuries ago, or with States fighting for that national independence which in our own case we value beyond mines of unmined gold; that we must interfere to redress or to repel no wrong, to assist in the assertion of no right; that whatever iniquities be practised, or whoever be the sufferers beneath them, we must imitate the unfeeling Levite and the selfish priest, who "passed by on the other side"—must

"Stand tamely by, and faintly murmur blame;"

that, in a word, we should cease to be members of the great commonwealth of nations except for the purposes of barter.

Those who preach this policy, unpalatable as it is to the pride, the instincts, and the traditions of Britons, have unquestionably a strong vantage-ground from which to urge their doctrines. They can point to many monstrous follies, to many costly crimes, to many disastrous failures, to many successes more disastrous still, into which our foreign interferences have plunged us. "What real good (they ask) have we ever effected by those perpetual wars and negotiations which our continental alliances and our desire of European influence have brought upon us? What have we gained, save almost universal hatred, and a wholly unprecedented debt? What cordial friend do we possess in the world? What nation can we point to whose freedom we have established, or whose happiness we have secured? What have we to show for the blood we have shed and the treasure we have lavished? To go no further back than 1815, what have we done that might not better have been left undone? We imposed upon France a race of sovereigns whom she detested; and she cannot forgive us for the humiliation. We sanctioned the robbery of Finland from Sweden, and incurred her hatred for so doing; and we are now speaking of its restoration to Sweden as one of the probable results of the present war. We committed an atrocious violation of every principle of justice in tearing Norway from Denmark to compensate Sweden—a crime which no State necessity could justify. We forcibly united Belgium with Holland, only in order, fifteen years later, to sanction its forcible disruption. We gave

Venice and Lombardy to Austria, and thus created a chronic source of revolution and of warfare which can never cease till we have severed the unnatural connection. We secured the triumphs of the so-called constitutional party in Spain and Portugal at the cost of much expenditure and perpetual embarrassment—and our ungrateful and incompetent *protégés* snub us and despise us. We set the first example of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, which we are now endeavoring to prop up, by tearing away the kingdom of Greece—which we have had to bully and blush for ever since, and which it seems probable enough we may now have to suppress. On the other hand, when we might have done good by interference—have established freedom and prevented wrong—as in the case of Italy and Hungary, we folded our arms and turned a deaf ear to almost the only two righteous and rational supplications that had ever been addressed to us. We have done what we ought not to have done, and have left undone that which we ought to have done. What we have done in the way of interference we have almost invariably had to undo, or to repent of. And when we have run the full cycle of our follies, and redressed all the wrongs we have committed, by severing Italy from Austria, and Finland from Russia, and Norway from Sweden, we shall be in a position to calculate how much of reputation, of money, and of lives, the doctrine of 'Isolation' would have saved us—how much better and wiser it would have been never to have sinned at all, than to have had to follow up such costly iniquity by such costly atonement."

We do not, assuredly, intend to indorse the whole of this harsh and highly-colored indictment, but it contains too large an element of indisputable truth not to make, and to deserve to make, a strong impression on the popular mind. But while admitting the impeachment we repudiate the inference. We would redeem the errors of the past, not by stupidly standing still, but by retracing false steps—not by merely ceasing to tread the wrong path, but by walking in the right path zealously, resolutely, and with a cautious and an upright mind. We would endeavor to compensate whatever evil we may heretofore have wrought, not by abstaining from international relations altogether, but by conducting those relations in a juster, wiser, and humbler spirit. There is surely nothing in the essential circumstances of a foreign policy that necessarily entails either folly or wrong-doing; and the moment when we are opening our eyes to a perception of our past mistakes, and awakening to a higher sense of duty and a keener sensibility to right, is scarcely the one for

retiring in despair and mortification from the field. We owe to the world the example of a nobler, truer, more consistent course; we owe to the victims, whether of our criminal hostility or of our clumsy protection, some more substantial amends than a barren confession of error and a vow of penitential inaction.

The long and arduous struggle in which the country was engaged for so many years, and which terminated two years ago in the final and irreversible adoption by the nation of the principles of a free commercial policy, naturally concentrated our attention almost exclusively upon economical considerations. Statesmen were occupied as much as merchants with pounds, shillings, and pence. The whole population was resolved into a committee for studying "the wealth of nations." The severe distress which the people underwent in 1842 and 1847, the alarming crisis of the latter period, and the immediate and complete relief which ensued upon the triumph of free trade, gave undue predominance and temporary supremacy to doctrines which secured or professed to secure material well-being. The financial capacity of a statesman rose into paramount importance: capacity of other kinds was undervalued and thrown into the background. The industry which makes money, and the economy which saves it, became the first virtues respectively of people and of politicians. Public measures came to be tested almost solely according to their tendency to promote the accumulation and diffusion of wealth, and public men to be esteemed, not according to the wisdom with which they administered the public revenue, but according to the smallness of the revenue with which they were contented to carry on the business of the country. Now, it cannot be denied that active and extensive foreign relations are pre-eminently costly, whether they lead to actual interference, or merely to maintaining our army, navy, and diplomacy on such a footing as will enable us to remonstrate with effect. And foreign relations often lead to war, and war is notoriously the most terrible of all drains upon the national resources.

The writers and orators, therefore, who argued for the system of isolation found a most powerful ally in the spirit of calculation, avarice, and parsimony with which recent discussion had possessed the nation. They were able to appeal to the undeniable truths that more than half our revenue is annually expended in paying the interest of a debt incurred by former wars in which our intermeddling foreign policies had involved us, and that more than half of the remaining moiety is swallowed up in what



are called our "national defences," but which, according to them, it would be more correct to name our "means of foreign interference and aggression." It was an easy and an effective style of popular eloquence to say — "It cost so many millions to replace the Bourbons on the throne of France, and so many more to guard ourselves against their possible hostility or actual rivalry when restored; it cost so much to unite Belgium with Holland, so much more to effect their subsequent separation; so much to establish a constitutional *regime* in Spain and Portugal (which countries have never been of any use to us, and have scarcely ever ceased to insult us), and so much more to maintain our fleets in the Tagus, to countenance a Government which cannot sustain itself in the affections of the nation; so much to weaken Turkey by liberating Greece, and so much more to succor the despot we had weakened, and to bully the wretched insurgents we had liberated; — and each of these several items of our great account costs to you, the people, at this very moment a penny on your sugar, twopence on your beer, a shilling on your tea, and a florin on your tobacco and your gin. If we had — and had had — no foreign policy at all — if we could wipe off at once the debt incurred in former wars and the costly preparations kept constantly on foot to provide for future ones, — we should only require to raise a revenue of £15,000,000 instead of £54,000,000."

Representations winged with so much indisputable truth, and driven home by the barb of a daily fact within every man's cognizance, can scarcely fail to give those who deal in them a strong hold both upon the selfish rich and the unthinking poor, especially when unaccompanied with those other truths which are at once their complement and their correction, but which the hearers cannot supply for themselves, and which the speakers are careful not to suggest. Again, the dislike of war has of late become a prevalent and deeply-rooted sentiment in the national mind, in spite of all the efforts of the "Peace Societies" to weaken it by extravagance and caricature. We are no longer the quarrelsome and combative people we once were. We are beginning to estimate "glory" at its true value, and to calculate its real cost. We are learning to shrink from war not only as costly, but as criminal — not only as very generally a signal folly, but as nearly always a heinous sin. It is not apathy, it is not cowardice, it is not even increasing luxury, it is not mainly a love of wealth and a hatred of taxation, that has wrought in us this wholesome change; it is really and sincerely an improved tone of morality and a heightened sense of responsibility. Not only

do we measure by a truer standard than we used to do the relative value of the objects of national ambition, not only have we awakened to a clearer perception and a sounder estimate of the rights of others, and a humbler, and therefore juster, apprehension of our own position and its claims and duties, but we value human life, and the human being generally, more highly than we did; and we have a much stronger sense of the degree in which it is possible in national matters to approach the Christian standard of benevolence and justice — of the political applicability of the golden rule. Statesmen, too — even the hardened, the hacknied, and the cold — shrink from war now, not only on account of its trouble, its risks, its cost, the possible unpopularity it may bring upon them, but from a new-born conception of the tremendous moral responsibility which lies upon those who, directly or indirectly, bring upon humanity such an awful curse. More alive than formerly, in all respects, to the heavy and solemn obligations attendant upon power, they are in this respect peculiarly so. They have begun to feel that those who either provoke, facilitate, or permit an avoidable war, are answerable in the eye of Heaven for all the guilt, all the suffering, all the demoralization, all the nameless horrors, all the fearful contingencies, which war involves — a liability which the rashest and the hottest may well hesitate and tremble to encounter — a liability which, as we have lately seen, English Ministers seek to avert by a forbearance, a reluctance, an enduring hopefulness, pushed to the very verge of wisdom and propriety.

These three correct and salutary sentiments of the national mind — love of peace, love of economy, and a conviction of past errors — are the strong grounds on which the advocates for insulating Great Britain from the commonality of nations rely for the defence of their position. And they can only be successfully met by an appeal to a higher morality, to more generous emotions, and to the dictates of a deeper and more comprehensive statesmanship. Nor do we think it will be difficult to prove that the policy which they recommend, and which we are combating, is not only impossible, but, if practically carried out, would be at once immoral and unwise.

From The Economist, 24 Nov.

#### AMERICAN SYMPATHIES WITH RUSSIA.

It cannot, we fear, be denied that, in the contest which we are now carrying on with the gigantic despot of Northern Europe, the feelings and wishes of a considerable portion of the citizens of the United States are not

with us, but against us. This is explicable enough; there are many reasons for it, some creditable, some much the reverse. Russia and America are both great slaveholders; both are given to aggression and territorial aggrandizement; both indulge in dreams of universal dominion: the one aspires to the supremacy in the Old World, the other to the sovereignty of the New. As yet there is no rivalry between them; nor can there be for generations; nor need there ever be. They come into collision nowhere; their commercial interests are nowhere competitive or hostile. The Russians, moreover, have taken considerable pains to cultivate the personal good-will of the Americans, especially of the travellers and manufacturers of the great Republic; and of late they have purchased "golden opinions" among the industrial interests by large orders for machinery, ships, and other articles of American production. Great Britain, on the other hand, though the best customer and the closest business connection of America, is also everywhere her commercial rival and most formidable competitor; and severe competition, in narrow minds, often breeds incipient enmity. The Americans, too, have a strong impression that we are haughty and dictatorial, and they would not be sorry to see us humbled. We do not mean that these sentiments are universal, or that they go very deep;—but they exist among a vast proportion of the people;—who would grieve indeed to see us seriously injured or disabled, but would rejoice at any smart rap on the knuckless that did not compromise our safety or our liberties.

But among the worthier and more cultivated classes in the United States, the want of sympathy of which we speak is mainly traceable to two causes, which we have ourselves heard alleged by Americans and admit to be not irrational. In the first place, they look with jealousy and alarm upon the close alliance between England and France. "These two mighty nations of the old world, firmly and permanently united," they say, "will be too powerful for the independence of the world; they will be able to dictate to all other States; and America will not be dictated to." If we are thoroughly successful in this contest, they fancy, our only real European rival will be effectually humbled, and can no longer be a counterpoise to our pretensions; we shall then virtually rule Europe, and shall soon turn our attention to the proceedings in the New World. If we continue as close friends as now, even the United States will not be able to resist us. Now, we may fairly allow that there is some ground for this feeling, and that a slight and transient jealousy may be excused on the part

of a young and powerful State of vast energy and unlimited pretensions. But we have no hesitation in saying that this jealousy and uneasiness ought not to be shared or encouraged by reflecting and honorable Americans. They should leave it to the fillibusters, the annexers, the slave-dealing Southrons, the Western barbarians. For it is only such that have anything to dread from French and British interference. The alliance between France and England can be dangerous to no American designs *except such as cannot be openly avowed*: it is hostile to no pretensions except such swollen and aggressive ones as ought not to be for a moment entertained. The two great nations of Europe are occupied with the affairs of the European continent, and will find enough to do in regulating and amending these: there is little likelihood that they will seek work elsewhere.\* The only interference which the United States can have to fear from France and England must be in cases in which that interference would be admitted to be warrantable and necessary by all the virtuous and patriotic among the Americans themselves. Those who are alarmed at the Anglo-French alliance are men bent on projects which they are conscious no two great and honorable nations can or ought to tolerate:—the alliance can be "a terror to evil-doers" only.

To all others it ought to be a source of the liveliest delight. Not only must the prospect of universal and enduring peace be greatly enhanced by the union between those rivals who in past times have most often disturbed the tranquility of the world, but civilization and freedom must be extended and secured by their friendship. For though France has only at present the faintest vestiges of representative institutions; though her municipal liberties have for a time been seriously curtailed, and she has given to herself a Government which, though not an autocracy, is nearly allied to a dictatorship;—still no one who compares her even now, in the matter of liberty of speech, of writing, and of action, with the unhappy lands which groan under Austrian and Russian sway, can doubt that her influence must be infinitely preferable to theirs, and her condition immeasurably more advanced; and that the cause of progress and well-being must be vastly promoted by her cordial connection with the freest land in the known world—freer even, in all that relates to individual emancipation, than the boasted Republic of the West. It is not easy to believe that man a real well-

\* Dear John, you are now (busy as the war makes you) seeking work in Central America. We do not wish you to judge of our designs. Above all, we are jealous of your rulers. You are a sensible old fellow yourself, though rather ignorant of foreign matters.

wisher to his fellows who does not rejoice from the very core of his heart at the alliance of the Western Powers, — nor that any one can dread it who does not secretly cherish iniquitous designs which will not bear the light.

The second cause of the un-English sympathies of the United States to which we have alluded, has been very clearly and succinctly stated by a writer in the last number of the *North British Review*. We give it, therefore, in his words. — [See "Significance of the Struggle," *Living Age*, No. 605.]

From *The Economist*, 24 Nov.

### UNEXPECTED EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

ON Wednesday the *Times* dwelt with some earnestness on some of the unanticipated and unintended consequences of the war in the East. We copy a paragraph for general instruction:

"All over the East there is such a demand for provisions of all kinds as never was known before. A huge voracious monster must be fed, and many nations and tribes are only too happy to feed him. The most fabulous stories reach us of brilliant speculations, incredible profits, miraculous changes, and unprecedented activity. It is the West gone to visit the East, and all England could not make a greater stir on its visit to the French Exhibition than the Western Powers by their protracted sojourn in the Euxine. It is true their primary object is simply to protect Turkey from Russia, but incidentally they have conferred upon her a more substantial boon.

"As much as a year ago we gave our readers an inkling of what was going on, and invited men of enterprise to follow the new market. Of course, we now know a good deal more about it. All round Constantinople, the shores of the Dardanelles, the Coasts of Asia, the Islands of the Archipelago, Candia, and Greece, are verdant with unwonted cultivation. Immense profits are made out of crops that were once hardly worth reaping. Even in Syria whole districts are being transmuted from rock and waste into the likeness of fertile Belgium or the picturesque Black Forest. As early as last spring we all heard what was doing at Heraclea. There the working of the coal seams had created roads, a railway, a canal, a port, villages, — in fact a new county of Durham, with everything but a good bishopric and four golden prebends, on the shore of the Black Sea. The same process is going on everywhere. Market stuff is almost as heavy as coal, and there does not exist everywhere in the East a line of road as direct and well metalled as that which conducts the produce of Turnham Green to Covent Garden. So water-carriage is first sought for, but roads to the port soon follow; and even as you coast along the shores of the Levant you can easily detect everywhere an unusual stir."

We begin, therefore, to perceive that the great, lasting, and most important consequences of the war will be the closer union of the West and the East, a further interchange of their mutual advantages, and the extension of civilization in both. These great effects, though accomplished by our instrumentality, are not what we propose to ourselves, nor what we send our armies to the East for; — yet they are what the most philanthropic desire, and what all politicians in the main strive or hope to accomplish. They bring distinctly into view the principle to which we have continually endeavored to attract attention, and which is quite as true of all our own internal political regulations as of our wars abroad, viz., that collateral or unintended effects are always of more permanent importance than the intended effects, to which in general political writers confine their attention. The unintended effects of the war in the East on our institutions and minds are already, to some extent, obvious, and are quite as important — though of a different character — as the unintended effects abroad. It can, indeed, only be necessary to remind our readers of what has already taken place as to administrative reform, as to the organization of the army, as to our relations with France, and in the public mind generally on all these points, for them to be convinced that consequences the most important will in the end result at home from the war. It is clearly not merely the Russian empire which will be curbed and brought probably to a conviction that it can only again endanger the peace of Europe at the cost of ruin and dismemberment, but the institutions, military and civil, of this country which will be improved and purified. Benevolent and philanthropic men, who have doubted and distrusted the consequences of the war, will now begin to see that the instincts of the people which hurried it on have been rightly directed to bring forward more social and political advantages in a short time than could have been accomplished by any political contrivances. We regard the observations of our contemporary as calculated to impress a great lesson on the whole people, and especially to moderate very much the present *furor* for improving society by regulations, of which the unintended effects are always of more consequence than the effects intended. The place where the remarks appear make them the more valuable; for no journal so intemperately, vehemently, and indiscriminately urges forward all the schemes now proposed — we must say in complete ignorance of what will be their consequences — for improving our municipal, political, and social condition.

A similar lesson, indeed, is taught by all

history. The kings and nobles who set out on the crusades, the hermits who stimulated the enterprise, and the popes who blessed and encouraged it, were quite as unintentionally the means of importing the use of windmills, and a knowledge of the Arabic numerals, and all the civilization of the East into the West, helping to overthrow the power of Rome and of feudality, as we are now unintentionally the means of weakening fanaticism in the East, and imparting to that quarter the arts and civilization of the West. Neither the founders of Spanish nor of British colonies in America ever intended to make that country supply Europe with the materials of clothing, with sugar or corn, or to spread from it over all the world the use of a narcotic herb, the parent now of far more trade than ever enriched Genoa and made Venice the mistress of the Mediterranean. Neither the Governments which have in our time encouraged trade, nor the individuals who have carried it on, ever intended it to be a means of making nations mutually serviceable, and establishing between them such binding relations of friendship and interest as to make it necessary for every Sovereign to take them into his especial consideration. In promoting trade — as one after another almost every Government in Europe has, however awkwardly, endeavored to promote it — no Government intended to raise up an interest and a power that should give laws to States, and influence, if not control, their policy, both domestic and foreign. Governments may determine what they will undertake, as Mr. J. S. Mill says, they may determine what institutions they will establish; but they can no more determine the consequences of their undertakings, than determine how the institutions they establish shall work. Not only by their resolves, but by the consequences of their undertakings and institutions, which they cannot determine, and which are far more important than their intentions, their undertakings and institutions are tried and their merits ascertained. The State at one time made a law to put every forger of a one-pound note to death, and the numerous executions which followed excited a strong sentiment against capital punishments, led to a rigorous investigation into the assumed right of the State to take away life, to a conviction that the assumption was unwarranted, and to the weakening of that power of the sword in the hands of rulers on which all their authority ultimately rests. The State did not intend any such great change. The course of society, in fact, is not determined by the intentions of man, and he only learns and knows whether he have fulfilled the intentions of the Power which

actually determines its course, by examining, as he best can, all the consequences, intended and unintended, of all his acts.

From The Examiner, 17 Nov.

### CRIMINAL BREACH OF TRUST.

THAT very useful and meritorious body, the Law Amendment Society, has under its consideration a proposal for a very necessary amendment of a gross defect, submitted to it by the most distinguished of law reformers, as he is still the most active and vigilant. At the first meeting of its new session —

"The Chairman read a letter from Lord Brougham on the subject of breaches of trust, in which his lordship says, 'I hope the attention of the Criminal Law Committee of the Society will be directed to a matter which, in moving the resolutions of March last on procedure, I glanced at as one of the grossest defects in our law (not in our procedure) regarding breach of trust, however gross, as no offence, but merely ground of debt. I gave the instance of a trustee leaving his infant wards on the parish and dying insolvent, but had he survived he was not punishable. The line is easy to draw. Let the trustee, who for his own benefit appropriates trust-funds, be treated as a criminal — not for error, though hurtful.'"

What a discredit to our criminal legislation that a remedy has still to be provided for wrongs like this! But it is the old story of immunity for the rich. Not till a very few years ago does it seem to have occurred to the legislature that so respectable a man as a banker might play the thief with trusts committed to him, and even then it so bungled the remedy as to leave still an outlet of escape to fraud, by which many a guilty man might easily profit, and the innocent suffer ruin. It was but accident, after all, that tripped up Messrs. Paul and Strahan.

We have turned to that able speech of Lord Brougham's on criminal law procedure for the examples to which he alludes in his letter. Certainly they are bad enough — but not worse than must flow incessantly from a state of the law in which deliberate misappropriation of trust money is regarded but as a ground of debt, and the only check upon it is a chancery suit to be maintained against the wrong-doer by the ruined person, frequently a helpless girl. Here, as in so many other cases, the Scotch law is more just than our own, and to this our own must be brought into agreement, if we would clear it of a defect nothing short of disgraceful.

The case of the trustee mentioned in Lord Brougham's letter is referred to in his speech as that of a "not undistinguished member of the legal profession, who, when guardian of two orphans, spent the whole of their



patrimony in riotous living, and, dying insolvent, left these two female wards on the parish." We suppose there can be no harm now in saying that this man was Sergeant Bearcroft. The other case is hardly better. It was that of a clergyman deprived of a large fortune by the villany of a trustee, who left him no compensation beyond the decision in a civil court that the fortune undoubtedly was his ("we tried it on appeal from Ireland in this House," says Lord Brougham, "on a somewhat remarkable day, the morning after the Reform Bill was rejected") — the fruits of the crime having already been removed beyond the civil judge's jurisdiction.

We have seen how narrow was the race between criminal and civil procedure in the case of the banker thieves — and how easily the shelter of laws for defence of commercial credit is convertible into an *Alsatia* for protection of commercial robbers. But the public is keenly alive to the whole question just at present, and Lord Brougham has well chosen his time to point attention to a scandal which is but a part of the same defective branch of the English criminal law. The Law Amendment Society have promptly taken it up, and in the success of their agitation in this matter, as in so many others, all honest men are directly interested.

### THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the *Economist* (27 Oct.):

SIR, — The disturbed state of the money market has revived the currency question, and with it two popular fallacies on the operations of the Bank of England.

One of them is the notion that the Act of 1844 imposed on the Committee of the Bank Parlor the duty of watching the exchanges, and of adopting such measures as they might deem expedient for checking a rapid drain of gold.

The readers of the *Economist* need hardly to be told that this is an error; but, for the information of others, the fact requires sometimes to be restated.

What is now called the Bank of Issue is practically a department of Government, issuing notes only in exchange for gold, and on the security of £14,000,000 of its own stock; and, how, in an extreme case, gold is to be found for these £14,000,000 of notes, practically inconvertible, is an affair for the consideration of a Cabinet Council, not for that of the Governors and Company of the Bank of England. An efflux of gold, like a rise in the price of corn, is to the Committee of the Bank Parlor only one of the indications that capital is becoming scarce; upon which they act as other commercial bodies

act, and solely with a view to their own security and their own profit.

The other fallacy is that the Bank of England — that is to say the Bank of Deposit and Discount, of which the Issue Department is quite independent — can raise or lower the rate of interest at pleasure.

This also is an error, as far at least as it relates to the average *permanent* rates of interest, which are governed solely, like the prices of all commodities, by the laws of supply and demand — the proportion of buyers to sellers, and borrowers to lenders.

This fallacy, however, would not have taken deep possession of the public mind if it did not contain some element of truth.

Mercantile men see clearly enough that, however little the Bank of England can affect average permanent values, its operations have an immediate and powerful effect on the rates and prices which prevail at the moment; so much so that at times, if the fate of the nation depended on the decisions of the Bank Parlor, they could not be watched for with more intense anxiety.

To account for this we should observe that the demand for capital is of two kinds: — that which is governed by consumption, and that which arises from *apprehension*.

If there were never any other demand for capital than that which is governed by consumption, or the ultimate need of capital, we should never see any sudden changes in the rate of interest from one extreme rate to another. A rise or fall in the rate of interest would always be gradual, because consumption, even in a time of war, is always a gradual process.

It is otherwise with a demand arising out of apprehension; to the rapid and extreme fluctuations of which, between a state of confidence and one of fear, especially as affecting *money* capital, it is hardly possible to assign a limit.

When confidence is felt, a very small amount of notes or coin suffices for the daily transactions of business. Money circulates freely, because paid away as fast as it is received. Where distrust is excited, or an expectation of coming difficulties, payments are deferred. Every one seeks to increase his reserves. Even a small tradesman will keep by him the hundred pounds he could otherwise spare; and assuming that in commercial Europe there are a million of persons in a not less anxious position, this alone represents a demand for £100,000,000 sterling more than would be required if no apprehension existed.

No wonder, then, that in such circumstances we should see the rate of interest suddenly doubled, and six per cent. become a minimum of discount where the experience of a

long series of years had shown that it could not be permanently maintained as high as four.

But if the principle be correct that all rapid and extreme variations are occasioned, not by consumption, but by apprehension, it becomes a subject for very grave inquiry whether the action of the Bank of England is not directly concerned in those we are now witnessing.

The Bank of England differs from other banks of deposit and discount in being allowed a monopoly use of the £14,000,000 of notes issued only on Government securities—an exclusive privilege to which there can be no adequate counterpoise in private competition. The leviathan influence thus erected, on whichever side it may incline in the scale of commercial values, must always produce violent oscillations.

Monetary panics have lately been of frequent recurrence; but the history of all of them (those only excepted brought about by political revolutions) is nearly the same.

There is first a slightly perceptible growing demand for money, which excites but little attention until notice has been given that the Bank have raised their rate of discount. This, by the uneasiness it occasions, increases the demand; upon which the Bank, when ill-advised, raises the rate again. The second advance, following soon after the first, and rumors of a third in contemplation, operate as an alarm-gun at sea; every vessel in Her Majesty's fleet reefs topsails and prepares for a storm. With a third advance the next week or fortnight, rumors of a fourth, and the appearance of the Bank broker as a large seller of Government stock, panic begins.

Very mistaken is the notion that the Bank of England, by discounting largely at a time of pressure, although at a usurious rate, affords any relief to the public. It would do so, of course, if its capital were in hand; but when money is cheap that capital is invested in Consols and Exchequer bills, and these must be sold to procure the notes required for additional discount accommodation. Consols and Exchequer bills are a barometer for all the stocks of Europe; and to force them upon the market at an unfavorable moment, for the sake of discounting, is to kindle a conflagration with one hand, and seek to extinguish it with the other.

The object of this letter is to invite you to discuss the remedy for such an evil.

The subject is one quite distinct from that of the basis of our currency; which, with £11,000,000 of gold in the Department of Issue, is at least in no immediate danger. These are the questions I wish to see answered:

1. Without denying or affirming the propriety of issuing fourteen millions of paper on other than metallic securities, is it wise or expedient to give the use of them to a single body?

2. Is it possible thus to foster the existence of a gigantic and irresponsible interest without placing, at critical periods, the whole industry and prosperity of the community at its mercy?

3. Have there been no instances of the Bank, looking only to its dividends, acting against the Government, in the very crisis of a public loan?

In a word, would not the country be safer than at present from mischievous vicissitudes in the value of every description of property, and periodical monetary convulsions, if free trade in corn were followed by free trade in banking, and Government interference with the circulating medium were confined to the protection of the coins which form our standard of value?—I am your obedient servant,  
W. E. HICKSON.

FAIRSEAT, WROTHAM, KENT, Oct. 18, 1855.

P. S.—The Bank returns published since the above was written confirm the fact that the drain of gold, upon which the attention of the public has been too exclusively fixed, is a mere coincidence of the existing monetary derangement, and not its cause.

The correct and well-understood principle of banking management is to keep in hand a reserve of cash equal to one-third the amount of outstanding liabilities. The *Issue Department* would, therefore, have been safe if, on the 13th of October, with a circulation of £25,205,855, its bullion had amounted to only £8,400,000, instead of which it was £11,205,855.

Very different, however, is the case of the other department, governed, not by any fixed rules, but by the capricious policy of the Bank Parlor. Its reserve, instead of being three millions in excess, was (and at dividend time) nearly a million deficient,—£5,104,056, against claims to the amount of £17,239,643.

The crisis has been brought about by the old fault of the *Banking Department*,—overtrading. It first, to procure business, discounts bills to any extent applied for below the market rate, and then, suddenly, when it finds it has gone beyond its strength, makes a convulsive effort to sustain its own credit.

Seven per cent. discount means only that the Bank lends no more money till it has got money to lend, and for which it must wait the maturity of the bills it discounted at 3 1-2 and 4 per cent. As these fall due, every one may see without mystifying him-

self with the exchanges, that notes and gold will flow in; and, when they have done so, the Bank will again lower its rate of discount, as it did in December, 1847, to get back its trade.

The popular theory now is, that if the Committee of the Bank Parlor were allowed to place their hands on the gold of the *Issue Department* nothing of this kind would happen; but it is obviously just as easy to overtrade with a capital of £30,000,000 as with one of £20,000,000.

The remedy must be sought, not in surrendering the securities we have obtained for convertibility by the Act of 1844, but in the abolition or restriction of all exclusive banking privileges. The *Banking Department* must either be placed on the footing of a private bank, or restrained from making the same free use as at present of the Government deposits.

#### KOSSUTH ON HIS RECEPTION AND RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

THE Briton with the soul of ancient times, the words of whom I quote; he, who so well can imagine how the Brutuses may have felt, and how a Demosthenes spoke, *he* remembered the 6th of October. [M. Kossuth refers to Mr. Landor.] I claim from him the honor of being allowed to offer to him herewith the public homage of my heartfelt gratitude. May the best blessings of Heaven be with him! Amongst millions of free Britons he alone remembered publicly the day on which Francis Joseph of Austria—then yet a boy in years, but more than a Nero in cruelty—revelled with fiendish ferocity in the blood of the bravest and the best of my country, and gloated upon the agony of a heroic nation. It was a deed, rarely equalled in baseness, never surpassed. . . . Two years after the bloody day of Arad, I first landed on the shores of England, a homeless wanderer, powerless and poor; and I saw my landing become the signal for a universal outburst of sympathy with my country's wrongs, such as no people ever experienced from a foreign nation. Hungary, a couple of years before scarcely known by name, I found a household word at every British hearth; she lay prostrate under the iron hoof of foreign oppression, yet her name had a share in the prayers of the

people of England; her oppressor stood elated with success on the neck of the victim, proud in the menacing attitude of the restored power of despotism, yet I found the curse of execration pouring down on his name from four millions of British lips. The conscience of the British people sat in judgment on the morality of kings. Was it I who lured England into those prayers, into that curse? I? The flowers of sympathy that grew up in my path from Southampton to Winchester, and along the streets of London, across the halls of the Mansion House and up to the mighty gatherings of hundreds of thousands of free Britons at Birmingham and Manchester—the flowers of sympathy that were conveyed to me by addresses and delegations from more than a hundred localities where I never happened to be—were they the work of my words? I have England for witness that they were not. They were a spontaneous offering of the moral sense of the English people at the shrine of justice and right. My task has been to gather the free offerings, and to thank for the noble gift in the name of my country as well as I could in the broken accents of a language foreign to me; and staggering as I was under the weight of honors paid to me, sympathy for my country, and not my own desert, caused to reflect on my own humble self. On my return from America, I secluded myself in the solitude of undying grief, and of undesponding hope, justified by the imperishable vitality of my country, to which I trust, like as the martyrs of old trusted to their God, for the ultimate triumph of their faith. It was on that vitality, on the justice of the Eternal, and on the inexorable logic of events, that I rested my hopes, and not on foreign sympathy. This I did not court. I rather went out of the way of it. Nobody can charge me of obtrusively parading my grief. It was of too sacred a character to be thus profaned. . . . For nearly two years I lived a hermit, lonely and mute in this gigantic hive of busy millions—to me a desert. At last came the war, and with the war the consummation of my prophetic words, that the fault of having permitted the ambition of Russia to interfere with the destinies of Hungary would fall back on the head of England with countless sacrifices in treasures and blood. — *Kossuth in the Atlas.*

## THE LIVING AGE AND CHARLES LAMB.

NEW YORK, 22 November, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. LITTELL:—I dare say you will remember the name at the other end, as that of one whom you once knew a little. It is not common to thank editors, but I write to thank you for the great pleasure which the *Living Age* brings to me every week—a pleasure which, doubtless, I share with many others. For the most part, your selections are just what my palate craves; or peradventure the palate has been trained to your bill of fare. Anyhow, it suits me hugely. My dear sir, you and I are now between fifty and a hundred, and remember several old Philadelphia items which the younger fry cannot comprehend. Day before yesterday, the only French Quaker I ever knew was buried—good Stephen Grellet, of Burlington. He figures delightfully in J. J. Gurney's Life. He used to preach in meeting, pronouncing the English words exactly as if they had been French. I was the other day looking over the volumes of the *Museum*, which I took at its beginning in 1822. There it was I first laid eyes on Elia; and I shall never cease to admire and cherish myself for having tasted the savor of them, and devoured them over and over, long before I ever heard the name of Charles Lamb. *Apropos de quoi*—when I was in London, I went to Leadenhall street, to the India House, in order to seek out some memorials of Lamb. A doorkeeper, in a cocked hat, said: "I have been here since I was sixteen years old, but I never heard of any Mr. Lamb." Such is fame! A prophet is not without honor, &c. But the doorkeeper of the Museum remembered him well—"O yes, he was a very little man, with such small legs, and wore knee-breeches." He directed me to some private stairs, which would take me down to the "Accounts." This was a place like a bank, where I was shown to a principal person, a Mr. Waghorn or Wagstaff. This was the room in which Lamb sat to write for many years; but it had been altered. I saw his window, however, and the dead wall beyond, mentioned in the "Old India House." Mr. W. regretted that the folio ledgers, &c., had been removed. He showed me a quarto volume of *Interest Tables*, with such remarks as these on the fly-leaf, in Lamb's round, clerical hand, but not with the "three inks":

"A book of much interest."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"A work in which the interest never flags."—*Quarterly Review*.

"We may say of this volume, that the interest increases from the beginning to the end."—*Monthly Review*.

A few years ago I came into possession of the identical copy of "Vinny Bourne's" Latin poems, alluded to by Lamb. It contains an autograph by him of the only Latin epigram he ever

wrote,—"*Suum Cuique*." Having resolutely shunned the demon of collectorship (I once had Galileo's signature), I bestowed this volume on the Rev. Mr. Caylor, of this city. \* \* \*

SCOTTISH FOLK LORE.—I wish to make a note of the following bits of "folk lore," still current in this district, and that have come unasked before me, and will be heard. That they are religiously believed in, admits of no manner of doubt.

*Sniff*.—I offered to help an old Highland lady at dinner one day to some salt from the "cellar," which stood much nearer to me than to her; she gravely put back my hand, and drew away her plate, saying at the same time, with a kind of shudder, between her teeth:

"Help me to snuff!  
Help me to snuff!"

*Sneezing*.—It is a thing known, and fixed as the eternal fates in the minds of all douce nurses, and especially all "howdies" whatsoever, that a new-born child is in the fairy spells until it sneezes; then all danger is past. I once overheard an old and most reverend-looking dame, of great experience in howdies, crooning over a new-born child; and then watching it intently, and in silence, for nearly a minute, she said, taking a huge pinch of snuff, "Och! oich! No yet—no yet." Suddenly the youngster exploded in a startling manner into a tremendous sneeze; when the old lady suddenly bent down, and, as far as I could see, drew her forefinger across the brows of the child, very much as if making the sign of the cross (although, as a strict Calvinist, she would have been scandalized at the idea), and joyfully exclaimed, "God saine the bairn, it's no a warlock!" Even people of education I have heard say, and maintain stoutly, that no idiot ever sneezed or could sneeze!—*Notes and Queries*.

VERSES TO HOGARTH'S PICTURES.—Did Hogarth employ a penny-a-liner of the day to write the verses which, à la Callot, were suffixed to his plates? or were the illustrative verses the additions of a subsequent publisher? Who wrote the verses to "The Harlot's Progress?"

C. MANSFIELD INGLEBY.

## BIRMINGHAM.

[In Hogarth's *Works*, by Nichols and Steevens, vol. II., p. 104, it is stated that "the verses to 'The Harlot's Progress' made their first appearance under the earliest and best of the pirated copies published by Bowles. Hogarth, finding that such a metrical description had its effect, resolved that his next series of prints should receive the same advantage from an abler hand."—*Notes and Queries*.